A Consolatory

DISCOURSE

To prevent

Immoderate GRIEF

For the Death of our

FRIENDS.

LONDON,
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A Conſolatory Diſcourſe to prevent Immoderate Grief for the Death of our Friends.

SECT. 1.

Wherein is ſhown the need of a Conſolatory Diſcourſe againſt the loſs of our friends.

IT is left upon record by St. *Hierom* concerning *Paulina*, that though ſhe was a Lady, whoſe paſſions were under admirable government in other things, yet when any of her children dyed, ſhe was oppreſſed with ſo great a ſorrow, that he had much ado to ſave her from being drowned in the floods of it. But it is not ſo great a wonder that a perſon of the tenderer ſex ſhould feel ſuch a tempeſt, as that *David* a man The need of this diſcourſe.

of war, who had overcome so many enemies, should himself be overcome with grief for a disobedient son. It is said that a *Lacedæmonian* woman having sent five sons to a battle, stood at the Gates of *Sparta* to expect the event: and when she met one coming from the Camp, she askt him what was done. All thy five sons (said the man) are slain. Away thou fool (answered she again) I enquired not of this, but of the issue of the fight. When he told her that her Countrymen had got the better; then farewell my sons (said she) and let us rejoyce that *Sparta* is saved.

2 Sam. 18. 24. But *David* it seems had not attained to this fæminine courage, for he sate between the gates waiting for news of the success, and when he heard of the loss but of one son, and he a Traitor to his Countrey, he could not contain himself till he came into the house, but

V. 33. went up to the *chamber over the gate* to lament his son, as though he had lost the day by loling him. Nay he could not refrain so long till he came into the chamber, but he watered the stairs with his tears, and wept as he went up, saying; *O my son* Absalom, *my son, my son* Absalom, *Would God I had dyed*

dyed for thee, O Abſalom *my ſon, my ſon.*

This lamentation of his cannot but call to mind the tears which *Achilles*, another great warriour, ſhed over the grave of his friend *Patroclus*, where σμερδαλέον δ' ὄιμωξεν, (as *Homer* ſpeaks) he wept moſt horribly as if he would have killed himſelf.

This love is ſuch a powerful thing, that if it hath placed any object in our heart, we can ſcarce ſuffer it to be taken from us, without rending and tearing our hearts in pieces. Such a ſtrange union doth it make between two perſons, that we can ſcarce give that man any welcome that brings us the news of a ſeparation. And therefore ſome of the ancient *Carthaginians* (as I remember) knowing how hard it is to love thoſe who bring us the tydings of the death of them that we love, would never ſend ſuch a meſſage but by the hand of ſome condemned man, whom they were never like to ſee again. I am ready here to interrupt my diſcourſe, and in the very beginning to fall into a paſſion with my ſelf, when I think how patiently we can ſuffer our ſouls to be divided from God whom we pretend

to love. O Love! how great things should we do if we did but Love! how angry should we be at the temptation which would draw him from us whom our souls Love!

Epist. ad famil. pars 2.2.

Antonius Guevara had a Neece who was so passionately in love with a little Bitch, that at the death of it she fell into a Feaver, and was fain to keep her bed. The good man did well rather to chide, than to comfort her, and to write a Satyr, rather than a consolatory letter to her: but yet in that strange passion of hers, we may clearly see how incident it is unto us to take heavily the loss of what we love.

Now there is no greater love than that which is between near kindred and friends, and no man that knows the pleasure of it, would disswade any from such love, and yet it is necessary that we should not mourn for them as if we loved nothing else; which will render it perhaps an acceptable piece of service unto some, if I endeavour to ease them of this kind of sorrow; and though I have touched but lightly upon other maladies (in the foregoing Treatise) yet I apply some particular plaisters to this great and general sore.

SECT.

SECT. 2.

Wherein is ſhown that we may grant nature leave to eaſe it ſelf by moderate tears; and two Advices are given to keep us from making an ill uſe of this Grant.

YOu muſt not think that it is in my design to take away your trouble, by taking you off from all love and friendſhip; for that would be as ridiculous as the device to cure drunkenneſs by cutting up all the Vines. I would not have a man to love none but himſelf, out of a fear that he ſhould be troubled at the loſs of them, as much as at the loſs of himſelf. This would be to cure one evil by a greater, and to eaſe men of a ſhort trouble, by letting them want the conſtant eaſement and ſweeteſt comfort of our lives, which is our friends. Neither do I intend to write like a Stoick, and ſtupifie all your paſſions, ſo that you ſhould not mourn at all, for that is an impoſſible thing, if we have any love. Grace doth not root out nature, nor quite dry up all our tears; but it rather makes our hearts more moiſt

We may mourn moderately.

moist and tender, and causes it to express it self in a becoming affection unto others; as *David* and that Lady may teach us. They are sturdy, not generous, that are void of all grief: they are rather hard than constant, rather unexperienced than reasonable, that forbid all sadness. But it is my design to bring you to a moderation both in love and in sorrow, that you may do as much as becomes good friends, but no more than becomes good men. Not to be sensible of evils, is not to be men; not to bear them patiently, is not to be Christians. It is neither to be hoped nor to be desired that we should shed no tears at all; but it is both necessary and attainable, that we should let them flow in measure. *Lacrymandum est, sed non plorandum. We may weep, but we must not wail and lament.* We must be natural, but we must be also reasonable: We must approve our selves both to men and unto God; that they may see we are loving friends, and that he may see, we are his dutiful children. *Est enim quædam & dolendi modestia.* For there is a certain modesty even in mourning, and it is as unseemly to weep immoderately, as it is not to weep at all.

Seneca Epist. 63

And

And let none think that by this conceſſion unto nature and decency, the wound will be made incurable; and that it is eaſier not to mourn at all, than to mourn moderately. Theſe are but the dreams of heavy ſouls; that think that none can ſtand ſtill, but they that are reſolved never to ſtir. It is ſaid indeed, that we may more eaſily abſtain from a thing of which we never taſted, than refrain from it after a little acquaintance. But this muſt be underſtood of pleaſure, and not of grief; When we have mourned a little, we ſhall ſoon ſee that there is neither pleaſure nor profit in our mourning. Or if any one ſhall think it to be ſome pleaſure, yet it will notwithſtanding be eaſily moderated; becauſe it is only the pleaſure of being eaſed of our loads that oppreſſed us, not of being ſatisfied with the preſſure of any delightful object. It is but the letting out of ſadneſs, not the bringing in of any pleaſure; and therefore when the heart is once eaſed of its burden, it will ſoon be perſwaded to mourn no more; for that will be the bringing upon us a new burden.

But then on the other ſide, as we may grant ſomething unto nature, ſo we muſt

muſt be ſure not to let it work alone. That we may weep moderately, it will be neceſſary to make reſiſtance to our ſorrows, and muſter up all the conſolatory argutments that are repoſited in our minds. Nature will do its part without our help. We need not ſtudy how to weep enough, nor uſe any arguments to perſwade our ſelves into tears. It is a ſuperfluous imployment to ſtrive to magnifie our loſs; for Fancy is apt to make it bigger than it is. It is a fooliſh trouble to be careful how to mourn, for tears will flow from us without any bidding. All our work muſt be to ſtop their paſſage as faſt as we can, and to make them flow leiſurely, not guſh forth with too great a violence. Our Reaſon and Religion muſt be called up in all haſte, to make as ſtrong a dam as we are able to our ſorrow, or elſe if it have its courſe, it may overflow us.

He is a baſe Pilot that leaves his tackling in a ſtorm, and ſuffers his ſhip to run along with the tempeſt; and no leſs ignoble and abject is his ſpirit, that permits himſelf to the guſts and Hæricans of his own paſſions, and lets them drive him whither they, and not whither he himſelf pleaſes. But it is a degree

gree of madneſs to uſe reaſon it ſelf to make the blaſts more terrible, and when the ſtorm is too furious, by art and skill to conjure up more boiſterous paſſions. Who would pitty him that ſets his reaſon againſt himſelf, and ſtudies how to be as miſerable as his mind can make him? We need not be ſo in love with grief, as to create it to our ſelves. Nature as I ſaid, knows how to mourn without our teaching. We had need think rather how to bear our natural troubles, than how to lay more upon our ſhoulders.

But if we will make any oppoſition, we muſt begin before our paſſions are too ſtrong. They are too powerful of themſelves, and we muſt not let them gather more ſtrength by our negligence. If we do not at the very firſt ſet our ſelves in a poſture of defence againſt them, they will ſeize upon our whole ſoul, and get every thing into their poſſeſſion. As ſoon therefore as our grief ſtirs, we muſt ſtrive to comfort our ſelves, and not either help forward or ſuffer our grief. If we go and bewail our friends as much as we can, and think to chear our ſouls afterward; we ſhall ſoon find that our ſouls are drowned with a flood, and

and that it will be a long time before it be ſoaked up. When we give the leaſt leave to theſe paſſions, they will ask no leave of us afterward; but the ſoul will mourn like *Rachel*, and refuſe to be comforted. As ſoon therefore as thou heareſt of the death of thy friends, do not ſpend the time in bemoaning thy ſelf, ſaying, Alas! what a friend have I loſt! did ever any man part with ſuch a perſon? where ſhall I find one comparable to him in wiſdom, in love, in faithfulneſs, in all manner of ſufficiencies to make a friend? Do not, I ſay, after this ſort ſtand to aggravate thy grief; but inſtantly ſay, Why ſhould a living man complain, a man for the puniſhment of his ſins? why ſhould I trouble and torment my ſelf with my own thoughts; why ſhould wind and tyde run together? how many reaſons have I to be contented? and ſpread them all before thine eyes, that they may dry up thy tears and ceaſe thy ſorrow. Labour, at leaſt, that theſe thoughts may tread upon the heels of the other: and, as ſoon as may be, overake them, and get the maſtery of them. And ſo doing, thou wilt weep as much as is fit, but no more than thou oughteſt.

Nature

Nature will be ſatisfied, and thou thy ſelf not aſhamed. None will think that thou art not grieved, and thou wilt feel that thy heart is comforted.

SECT. III.

Which ſhews rather what might be ſaid, than what is ſaid in this preſent Treatiſe for moderating our ſorrow. But yet thoſe examples which we have from others may move us to follow their rules, and ſo a brief touch is made upon them.

The beſt and wiſeſt perſons have not mourned much.

But what comforts are theſe (may ſome ſay) which you bring us? with what reaſons will you aſſiſt us?

I ſuppoſe it will be of no great effect to anſwer, that the wiſeſt perſons have made their mourning ſhort, and moderate; becauſe I have already named two both good and wiſe that were exceſſive. And therefore I muſt endeavour to make men throughly wiſe, and furniſh them with ſuch reaſons as will not ſuffer them to be oppreſſed with their ſorrows. Yet me thinks it is obſervable, that the *Ægyptians* mourned ten times as

as long as the children of *Israel*. Seven daies ordinarily contented the people of God for their grief, (as you may see, *Eccles.* 22. 12. *Job* 2. 13.) whereas they that were strangers to the God of *Israel*, extended their mourning seventy daies, as you may read, *Gen.* 50. 3. yea the greatest mourning that the *Israelites* used for their two famous leaders, *Moses* and *Aaron*, was prolonged but to thirty daies, which is not half the time that those Heathens allowed. I think not fit neither to pass by the shortness of *Abrahams* grief for his dearest wife *Sarah*, who dyed as some of the *Jews* conjecture, for very grief when he was at Mount *Moriah*, thinking that her son was offered. This they gather from that expression, *Gen.* 23. 2. *Abraham came* to mourn for *Sarah*, and to weep for her. From whence it was that he *came* I have nothing to affirm, yet this note of theirs is considerable, that in the word לבכותה [to weep for her] there is a *small Caph* in the middle of great letters, which may very well shew they think, that his weeping was little and moderate, and not of the greatest size. That expression is likewise taken notice of by some, which follows

Numb. 20. 29.
Deut. 34. 8.

כ זעיר

follows in the next verse, *He stood up from before his dead*, as if it signified, that he turned his eyes from her, that so he might not be overcome with grief. We must not love to look on our losses; nor think that it becomes us to weep as long as we can. But we should learn by the manners of Gods people, to do all we can to make our mourning short. Yea I might teach you from Heathens themselves, if examples would do us any good. *Lycurgus* ordained that none should weep above eleven daies, and that they should make no Funeral solemnities. *Solon* likewise took them away, that so he might ease men of those howlings and lamentations, which they use to make at their friends Interment. *Augustus* as *Seneca* observes, though he lost all his children and Nephews, and was fain to adopt an heir, yet he was so little moved at their death, that he constantly went to the Senate, and neglected no Publick affairs. *Pericles* likewise having lost two sons of great hope, within the compass of eight daies, put on notwithstanding a white garment, and with a great constancy of mind went to deliberate about

Plutarch. in Lycurg.

Ἀναιρεῖ καὶ γυναικώδεα πάθη. *Plut. in Solone.*

the necessities of the Common-wealth.

All stories are full of such great souls, that after they had conquered others, at last conquered themselves also. I know it will cure no man to tell him that his neighbour was cured, yet these examples do commend to us the remedies which they used, and give us hopes that our griefs are not incurable.

SECT. IV.

Which teaches us to consider what death is: First, Common; Secondly, Necessary; Thirdly, Good. And if we thought more of it, we should not be unwilling to part, neither doth the manner of parting make any considerable difference.

What it is that must ease us.

THE cure of this distemper doth lye chiefly in a fulness of considerations, wherewithall our minds must be stored. Nothing can resist grief but a great mind; no mind can be great that is not big with truth; nothing can impregnate us with truth but serious advice and consideration in our selves; and

and therefore we muſt provide our ſelves with ſufficient Antidotes that may be ready at hand when we have need of them. Our ſouls muſt be as an Apothecary, and our hearts muſt be the Ἀποθήκη, or ſhop where all medicines are in a readineſs againſt any grief or malady that ſhall invade us. If we have our remedies to gather, and to compound when our ſickneſs comes, the mind will be ſo weak that it will not be able to make them. We have leaſt power to conſider when we are full of ſorrow; our affections are ready to overlay our reaſons, and therefore we muſt have our medicines made before, that then we may have nothing elſe to do, but only to take them. And we ſhall find that to have ſo much labour in it (our ſtomacks being ſqueamiſh and nauſeating) that we ſhall clearly ſee we need have nothing elſe to do.

I. The firſt means is to conſider what it is that we lament.

Firſt then, *Let us ſeriouſly conſider, What is it that we grieve for?* It is ſoon anſwered, that we mourn for the *Death* of thoſe that we love. For their *Death?* What is that I beſeech you? Is death ſuch a ſtrange and unuſuall thing that we ſhould take it heavily? Are *your* friends the firſt that ever dyed?

Death is an uſuall thing.

Are *you* the only perſons that God hath ſingled out to be left alone? Do you not ſee that every thing in the world can cauſe death? The wind, the lightning, the fire, the ſmoak, the duſt of the earth, the water, our meat and drink, our own paſſions, our joy, our ſorrow, and a thouſand other things can bring us to our graves. Why then ſhould it be lamented, as if it were ſome wonder at which all the world ſhould be aſtoniſhed? Men fill the air with ſighs, they beat the Heavens with their groans, they cloath themſelves with darkneſs, and they pour out floods as in a tempeſt. Why what is the matter? Is the Sun faln from its Orb? are all the lights of Heaven extinguiſhed? are they carrying out the worlds funeral? What is it then that cauſes this moan? A friend is dead. There is one man leſs in the world than there was. O wonderfull! what a prodigy is this! One that was born to die, is dead! It had been a wonder indeed, if he had not dyed. Then we might have filled the earth with noiſes. Then there had been ſome cauſe for a tumult. But now it is rather a wonder that men ſhould make ſuch a ſtir at an ordinary and common

mon thing, than that a thing ſo common ſhould happen unto them. One would rather look to ſee no tears, than no death; and we might more eaſily excuſe their not weeping at all, than we can theſe dolefull lamentations.

Is it not neceſſary that our friends ſhould dye? yea, it is ſo neceſſary, that it is a thing paſt, and cannot be recalled, when men weep moſt for it. If you can bring them back again with your tears, if there be any hopes that with the noiſe you make they ſhould revive to comfort you; then you have leave to weep as much as you pleaſe. Is there any *Elijah* or *Eliſha* that can ſtretch forth themſelves upon them, and recover them to their warmth? Is there any *Paul* or *Peter*, or ſuch great men that can raiſe them from the dead? Go then, and intreat them for to pitty you. Beat your breaſts, tear your hair, break your ſleep with ſorrow, macerate your ſelves with faſting, that they may take ſome compaſſion upon you. But if all this pains be loſt, never put your ſelves into it; but ſay, Why ſhould I have my labour for my pains? And did not all thoſe men die again that they raiſed? Were they made immortall here-

Death is neceſſary.

upon the earth? what good would it do you to have them called to life again, if they must again die? How would you be able to part with them then if not now? What an uncomfortable life would you lead out of fear every day to fall into the same sadness? How desolate would you be even in their company, unless you learnt not to be troubled nor distracted? And if that must be learnt, then let us learn it now when it is as necessary as it would be then. Do you take it ill that the Apple rots, and your trees decay, and your cloaths grow bear, and that any thing in this world is according to its nature? Why then do you bewail it with such passion that men die, which is as natural to them as it is to be born? Would you have God make the world anew for your sakes? will you not be contented unless he make a mortall thing immortall? Is it not sufficient that you know it must die, and that he gave it to you that it may be returned to him again? Did he ever promise you how long you should have it? may he not call for his own when he thinks good? do not other men pay this debt to nature as well as you?

Seeing

Seeing then it is both a common and a neceſſary debt, do not repine as if you did only pay it. He is an unworthy debtor, that returns what is lent with a reproach to his creditor. And therefore give it up chearfully, perhaps he may intruſt you with ſomething better. While *David* ſaw that his child was alive, he earneſtly beſought of God that it might not die; but when once it had given up the ghoſt, he anoints his head, and puts on other garments, becauſe he knew God was not bound to work a *miracle*, though he might be inclined to ſhew *mercy*. While there was life, there was ſome hope of mercy: but when it was dead, there was no hope of a miracle. 2 Sam. 12.

And yet there is one thing that may be pertinently obſerved in that ſtory of *David*, which exceedingly argues our folly. Though God had ſaid by a Prophet, that his child ſhould die, yet he earneſtly beg'd that it might live. Men are not ſo earneſt for that which they may be aſſured God will do if it concern their ſouls, as they are for that which they have all reaſon to fear he will not do if it concern their bodies. Men would have him recall his word,

and alter his decrees in temporall matters; but they little mind the obtaining of his promiſes, and the fulfilling of his Word in ſpiritual concernments. They would have life as long as they pleaſe, which they know he will not beſtow, but they ſeek not for contentment which they may be aſſured he hath a mind to give. They would have him willing to let them enjoy their friends alwaies, which cannot be; but they ſeek not to him, that they may be willing to part with them, though they muſt part with them, and he would make them willing.

Death is not only neceſſary but good.

For ſhame let us not continue in this kind of folly, to be angry at things neceſſary which we cannot avoid, and to neglect thoſe neceſſaries which we cannot want.

And ſince death is ſuch a common thing, and ſo eaſie to be met with, that every thing in the world may bring it to us; let us further conſider, that it cannot be very hurtfull in it ſelf, for all ſuch things are more unuſuall and rare. God is not ſo unkind unto the world as to let the moſt noxious and poyſonuus things grow every where in the greateſt plenty. Things of that nature

are

are but thinly ſcattered through the world; they lye hid, and dare not commonly appear. Since death therefore is in every thing, ſince it lurks not for us like a Serpent in the graſs, but the ſmalleſt thing in this world may ſtrike us with it; let us verily perſwade our ſelves, that there is no ſuch great harm in it as we imagine; eſpecially conſidering that there is another life.

I am ſure that ſome as wiſe as we that mourn ſo much, have thought that death was the beſt thing that befalls the ſons of men: And if we do not think ſo, it is becauſe we think not of death it ſelf. It is a common ſtory which *Pindar* was firſt Author of, how that *Agamedes* and *Trophonius*, having built the Temple of *Apollo*, asked a reward of that God for their ſervice. He promiſed that after ſeven daies he would pay them well for their pains; at the end of which they both died in the midſt of a ſleep. This the world believed was a leſſon to them, that God could do men no greater favour than to take them out of the miſeries of life. Not long after this *Pindar* himſelf exemplified the ſame truth that he had taught; *Plutarch. ad Apollon.*

taught. For when by the Embaſſadours of *Bœotiâ*, he askt the Oracle, What was the very beſt thing that could befall men? The anſwer was, that *Pindar* knew well enough, if he did not lie when he wrote the ſtory of *Agamedes*: but if he doubted, he ſhould ſhortly know what it was. This he intrepreted to ſignifie his death, which within a few daies after hapned.

V. etiam Suidam in voc. Πίνδαρ.

But perhaps we are not of this mind, and I need not go to an Oracle to know the reaſon, which is plainly this; We are acquainted with no other life but this. If the world had not ſo much of our hearts, we ſhould not find any fault with the neceſſity of death, becauſe it would become deſirable. We ſhould not then be ſo ſorry for our friends departure, as for our own ſtay. We ſhould be glad that neither they nor we were neceſſitated to dwell there alwaies, where there are ſo many troubles, that he is happieſt who is ſooneſt freed from them.

But there were many that thought not much of the goodneſs of death, who yet were comforted with the bare thoughts of neceſſity. How many Heathens might I tell you of who fled to this

this one truth for refuge, and found protection under it againſt the aſſaults of ſorrow? Nothing is hapned to me, but what hapneth to all. The firſt minute that we began to live, we began to die. This is not the firſt, but the laſt moment of death. It is now finiſhed, but it was born when we were born.

When one came and told *Anaxagoras* in the midſt of a lecture that his child was dead, Hold thy peace, ſaid he, *I knew that I begat a ſon that was mortall*, and ſo proceeded in his Diſcourſe without any accents of grief, or a mournful tone. And ſo another ſaid to his friend when he ſaw him weeping for his wife; I thought you had known that you married *a woman* and not *a goddeſs*. Do but remember then what the thing is that thou loveſt, and thou muſt be willing either to leave, or not to love it. As they uſed to ſtand behind them that triumphed, and to admoniſh them, You are but *mortall* men; ſo let us ſay to our ſelves when Love is in its greateſt flames, Θνητὸν φιλῶ, I love a dying perſon. What hurt is there while we embrace and kiſs a child, to ſay Ἄυριον ἀποθανῇ, to morrow it may *Arrian. l. 3. cap. 24.*

may dye? and ſo to diſcourſe with our friends: To morrow either you or I may go away, and never thus embrace any more. Doth it make our love the leſs? doth it make us avoid their preſence? No, therefore we are ſo greedy of our friends ſociety, becauſe we know not how long we may enjoy them. It makes love more fervently deſirous to have all of them now, becauſe it knows that it may have none of them ere it be long. It teaches us to uſe their friendſhip to the beſt advantages we can, becauſe we are not like to have the uſe of it as long as we pleaſe. The knowledge of our departure, doth not part friends now, but makes them cleave the cloſer untill they depart. Let us be willing they ſhould die, and that will not abate of our love; for we cannot be willing untill we have loved them as much as we can. We ſhall be loth they ſhould go without the beſt teſtimonies of our love, and that will make us only improve our time to have the benefit of them, and they of us.

To think of their death, doth not make our lives uncomfortable.

Epiſt. 63. *Seneca* tells in one of his Letters, that he who gave a great deal of good counſell to others not to grieve, was himſelf almoſt made an example of one

overcome

overcome with grief. But the truth of it is (ſaith he) there was no other cauſe of that mourning which I muſt now condemn, but only this, *I did not uſe to think that my friend might die before me.* I only had in my mind that he was younger, much younger than my ſelf; whereas I ought to have added, What is this to the purpoſe? *Though he ought* (I imagine) *to die after me, yet he may die before me.* Becauſe I did not thus meditate, I received a ſtroak when I was unarmed, which went to my heart. But now I think both that all things are mortall, and that there is no certain order of mortality. *That which may be at all, may be to day.* And if you think that your friend may die to day, then why do you not begin to mourn, ſince his death is at hand, unleſs you mean to take it patiently when it comes? If you will lament the death of your friends ſo ſadly, why do you not prepare your lamentations, ſeeing death may be ſo near? If you think it is not ſo near, then it is likely your ſorrow will be violent when it comes, becauſe ſudden: If you think it is, and yet do not mourn, then why ſhould you lament that ſo

ſadly

ſadly at night, which you did not weep for at all, at noon? There were ſome creatures they ſay in *Pontus*, whoſe life laſted but one day; They were born in the morning, and came to their full growth at noon, and grew old in the evening, and at night dyed. If theſe animals had been maſters of the reaſon that we have, would they have lamented after our faſhion? would they have mourned for one that chanced to dye at noon, when as it could not live longer than night? No, that which is neceſſary, it is no great matter when it comes. And becauſe we are of a longer life, our trouble at death is not to be the greater, but the leſs; For it is a greater wonder that we did not *die* many *daies agone*, than that we *die* to *day*.

Plutarch.

The kind of death is not ſo conſiderable as death it ſelf.

But ſome will ſay, that it is not death it ſelf, but the kind of death that ſo troubles them. They could have been contented, if he had gone out of the world another way. But I beſeech you, do you know what will pleaſe your ſelves? Can you tell what ſort of death it is that would content you? are there any that do not blame their hard fortune, and wail and mourn as if none were

were ſo miſerable? are not men equally troubled if one die of a Feavour, and another of a Conſumption, if their love be equal? It is very plain, that he that perſwades himſelf to part with his friends, will not grieve for the manner of the parting. He that can overcome himſelf in the greater cauſe of grief, will not ſuffer the leſs ſo eaſily to overcome him. And therefore you ſee that men have alwaies ſomething to find fault withall. If a friend die in a far Countrey, then they ſay, Alas! that we ſhould not ſee him before he dyed! how ſad is it that we ſhould not take our leave? If he die at home; then they ſay, who could endure to hear his groans? how ſad was it to ſee him in the agonies of death? If he die and ſpeak nothing, then they ſay, O if he might but have told us his mind, if he had left us any remembrances, it would have been ſome comfort. If he did ſpeak, then they tell his ſpeeches to every one, and ſay, O my ſweet child, or friend, I ſhall never forget thy words. Would you have me put out of my mind his dying ſpeeches? and ſo thoſe ſayings are a perpetuall nouriſhment and food to their grief.

If

If he die on a ſudden, then they lament, becauſe he was ſnatched, rather than went away. If he die of a lingring ſickneſs, then they ſay he was nothing but skin and bone, a meer Anatomy; never any creature endured ſo much as he did. And ſo they complain they know not for what, for they would not have had him gone away ſo ſoon, but ſpun out his life, till he lookt more ruefully. And indeed men never want ſome pretences for theſe complaints; but the true reaſon is, that they would not have had their Friends to die at all. In what glaſs ſoever this potion had been preſented, they would have ſwallowed it with the ſame diſguſt. And I muſt confeſs it is very bitter, yet we ſhould not ſtudy to make it worſe than it is: but by digeſting ſuch conſiderations as theſe, receive it with a better countenance and take it down more eaſily. For which end let us proceed further and weigh what follows.

SECT.

SECT. V.

Which contains comforts againſt the loſs of Children, Parents, Conſorts, Friends, upon a due conſideration what every one of them is.

LEt us conſider well who it is for whom we make our lamentations. Who is it I ſay, that death hath taken away from us? Perhaps it is an Infant, a poor little weakling newly crept into the light. And this hath the leaſt of wonder in it of all other things, that ſuch a little ſpark of life ſhould be blown out. A greater wonder it is that it was not ſtrangled in the gate of the womb. A little while ago it had no life, and it is now but as it then was. We were once content without it; why cannot we be content without it now; It never loved us, nor was capable to ſhew any affection to us, and therefore we may the better part with it. It was ſcarce tyed to our heart, and therefore it need not make the ſtrings crack. It was not unwilling to go out of the world, and if it had lived longer, death would have been more

We muſt conſider who the perſons are that die.

Comforts againſt the loſs of children.

againſt its will. It hath loſt no great matter, for it knew not the benefits of life. It hath coſt us nothing, or we have been but at a ſmall charge about it, and therefore our loſs is not ſo great neither, as we make it. If it could have known the miſeries of living, and it had been put to its choiſe, very likely it would not have choſen to live, but to be what now it is. It hath not blotted its ſoul by any ſin, nor deflowred the Virgin purity wherein it was born. If it have any thing to complain of, it is only this, that it was born. And therefore let us be content; for it is better perhaps for it, and not much the worſe for us. If we weep ſo much for an Infant, what ſhall we do for a man? Either let us now let down the fluce, or elſe expect that we ſhall then be drowned. If he had lived to be a man, it might have done as we do, miſerably bewail the death of its children. And therefore either let us not thus bewail it; or elſe think it happy, that it lived not to be ſo miſerable as we think our ſelves: and both waies our grief will be cured.

Unreaſonable to mourn for one when we have more.

But ſuppoſe it be a child of a larger growth, whoſe death extorts theſe tears from

from us. Yet it is but *one*, and we may have many more remaining. Shall we loſe all the content of a great many, becauſe we ſuffer the want of one? If the life of this one would have pleaſed us ſo much, then how joyfull ſhould we be in the life of four or five? If it be ſuch a grief to loſe a child, then let us be thankfull that we lie not under the miſerable grief of loſing them all. But if we cannot take this patiently, then I doubt we ſhall run mad with impatience, if God ſhould take them all away. We muſt learn to part with more, by parting willingly with this one; for all muſt die too. Can he bear a ſtone weight, who cannot endure the load of one pound? and yet how juſtly may we fear that all the reſt ſhould ſhortly follow, ſeeing we fret ſo much at Gods hand in this? Suppoſe that this was the moſt goodly child, yet not fairer ſure than all the reſt put together. Or if he was moſt beautifull, yet ſome of the others may be more wiſe. If this had all our love, then we may learn now how to divide our love equally, and take pleaſure in loving more. If he loved us moſt, then he would have wiſht us (if he had thought of it)

Dion Chryſt. Orat 30.

not to make our ſelves miſerable by mourning for him. So *Charidemus* ſaid to his friends when he was a dying; It is Gods will that I ſhould die, and there can nothing that is hurtfull come from him, I am very willing to die, and I beſeech you believe me in what I ſay, for I have a greater care to ſpeak truth now, than any of you can have. Grieve not for me, for I grieve not; do not make your ſelves miſerable, for I think not my ſelf to be ſo. Καὶ καθόσον εἶοί τε ἐτε μὴ συγχωρεῖτε τῇ ἀλγηδόνι, As much as ever you are able refrain from all ſadneſs, for no ſad thing hath befaln me. Thus we ſhould ſay to our friends, if we love them; and therefore their love to us ſhould not make us ſad, becauſe they would have all they love to be chearfull. If they could tell us their mind, they would certainly bid us ceaſe our mourning; and therefore let us end it of our own accord. Let there be ſuch an harmony ſtill between us in our wills and deſires, that we may not be wailing and lamenting, when they are wiſhing we may be comforted.

Or when we may have more.

But let it be ſuppoſed that it is an *only child*; yet are there not many hopes that

that you may have more? who gave you this? cannot he give you another? hath not he that hath the keyes of the grave, the keyes of the womb alſo? If one die, then as long as the world laſts, another ſhall be born. And if we deſire children for the good of the world, then ſo they be born, it is no matter by whom. But if for our ſake, then we may have them as well as others; though perpetuall grief and ſadneſs, you may be ſure is not the way to procure them. Or if God will give us none, then we may adopt one. Any child will love us, as if it was our own, if it know not that it is any bodies elſe. Nay, any one will love and ſerve us for what we have, and inſtead of one, we ſhall have many that will thank us (more than he perhaps) to be our heirs: but if we have nothing, then why ſhould we deſire children for to leave them miſerable? but as I ſaid, why ſhould we not hope for more, and thoſe better than him we loſt? with this hope *David* comforted *Bathſheba* his wife (2. *Sam.* 12. 24) who bare a *Jedidiah*, a man beloved of the Lord. If we count it ſuch a ſtrange thing to die, then it ſhould ſeem it is an ordi-

nary thing to live, and ſo why ſhould we not expect the new life of another? But if it be no ſtrange thing to die, then (as I have ſaid already) we may well be comforted. Or if we ſhould have no more, yet this may be ſome comfort, that then we ſhall have no more to mourn thus ſadly for. Yea, ſuppoſe thou art the laſt of thy family and name, (as was the great *Scaliger*, and *Lipſius* alſo another excellent Scholar;) it is no great matter, ſeeing the world is not to laſt long. If thy name muſt have an end, what needeſt thou to trouble thy ſelf when it ends? And if men can think it no harm to ſuffer their name to die of it ſelf (as *Scaliger* did who would not marry) why ſhouldſt thou be troubled if thine periſh, after due care to preſerve and uphold it?

Or when it is uncertain whether they, or none at all be better.

But then if thou hadſt never ſo many children, yet who knows how they may prove? If they ſhould be bad, then thou thy ſelf wilt ſay, that it had been better they had never been. They that thou mourneſt for, becauſe they are dead, might have given thee greater cauſe of mourning if they had lived. If the death of a child be ſad, his wickedneſs would have been far ſadder; for that

that is a worſer death. He that dies doth trouble his Parents but once; but he that is bad, is a perpetuall torment to them. He that is dead, cannot indeed help his Parents, but then he doth not hurt them, as many a bad one doth. For thoſe that are dead we only grieve, we do not fear; but for thoſe that are bad we fear perpetually, and we grieve alſo: yea all the ſorrow we now conceive at their death, will not equall perhaps the meer fear which we ſhould have had from their infancy, leſt their life ſhould prove bad.

It is ſaid in the life of *John* the Patriarch of *Alexandria*, that a Merchant came to him to pray for a ſon of his that was at Sea, that he might be ſafe. Within a moneth the child dyed, and his ſhip likewiſe was caſt away. And when he was much troubled at this double loſs, he thought one night that he ſaw the Patriarch ſtanding by his bed, and ſaying to him, *Thou deſiredſt me to pray that thy ſon might be ſafe, and behold now he is ſafe, for he is dead. If he had lived wickedly in his future courſe, then he could not have been ſafe.* And beſides their badneſs, ſuppoſe our children ſhould have died of ſome in-

famous and baſe death, this would have troubled us more than death it ſelf. Yea, ſome there have been that have ſought their Parents death, and what a trouble would this have been? Some have ſlain their fathers, and others their mothers, and who was there left to mourn then? If you be affrighted at theſe ſtrange ſuppoſals (which ſometimes have had a reall truth) yet conſider once more, that if they had not been bad, notwithſtanding who knows what miſeries they might have endured, worſe than death? Can you tell what misfortunes might have befaln them, which might have made them wiſh they had died ſooner? They are now dead, perhaps they have that which afterward they might have deſired, and not ſo eaſily obtained. For how many and frequent occaſions are there of ſorrow here? To find a life without Croſſes, we muſt ſeek among them, that laſt but from morn to night. And ſo great are the troubles and anguiſh which ſome endure, that their life is nothing elſe but a long continued death. Which made one of the Gymnoſophiſts anſwer *Alexander* when he askt whether death or life was ſtronger? *Life ſure, for*

that

that bears the moſt evils. And ſuppoſe he that is dead ſhould not have been miſerable; yet now he is gone, if he might riſe again, it is likely he would not, leſt he ſhould know again the fear and the pains of dying.

He is freed from the vanity and vexation of life, and from the terrours and agonies of death. He hath left the evils of this world, as well as the goods; and is out of a capacity of ſuffering, as well as of enjoying any thing here. This is one of the comforts I remember which that great Divine *Greg. Nazianz.* gives his Parents againſt the loſs of his dear Brother *Cæſarius* *. *We are ſad to think*, ſaith he, *that* Cæſarius *ſhall rule and govern no more: but let us conſider withall that none ſhall hereafter domineer or tyrannize over him. None ſhall fear or ſtand in awe of him more: but he ſhall not fear neither the inſolencies of a grievous Maſter, who is not worthy, perhaps, to be a ſervant. He ſhall heap up no more riches: No, nor ſhall he be envyed by others, or tormented by his own deſires of increaſing wealth.* Hippocrates, Galen *and all the reſt he ſhall expound no more: but he ſhall not labour under diſeaſes neither;*

* *Orat.* 10. p. 172. *edit. Pariſ.*

no,

no, nor bear the burden of other mens miſeries. He ſhall demonſtrate Euclid, Ptolomy, *and* Hero *no more: but he ſhall not be vexed neither with the proud Ignorance of empty people.* Plato *and* Ariſtotle *and* Pyrrho *and all their fellows can do him no more credit: nor ſhall he caſt in his mind how to diſſolve their little ſubtilties. What ſhall I remember more? Thoſe high priz'd things, which are ſo greedily ſought by all, wife and children, he ſhall have none: nor ſhall be mourn for them, or be lamented by them; either by leaving them to others, or being left himſelf a monument of calamity.*

All this is true, may ſome ſay; my child is free from all the dangers and miſeries of this life, but if you knew what a rare Creature it was that I have loſt, you would allow my continued complaints. *The Heir of an illuſtrious Houſe; the prop of his Family, the Hope of his Country; the child of a thouſand Prayers, and that in the Spring and flowr of his Age.* What heart of Adamant would not ſympathize with one in this condition? I'le anſwer you in the words of a great Friend of the Father now mention'd; who is ready to

Some letters of the Antients on this ſubject.

to comply with your ſorrows, if you will be but as forward to receive his conſolations? *I confeſs* ſaith *St.* Baſil (in a letter of his to *Nectarius* * on this ſubject) *that it is impoſſible to be inſenſible of your loſs. There was no body but wiſht, when he was alive, that they had ſuch a Son: and when he was dead, they wept for him as if he had been their own. Nay, if we would complain and abandon our ſelves to weeping for this accident, the whole time of our life is not long enough for it. If all mankind would groan with us, they could not make a lamentation equall to this loſs: no, though they ſhould make a River with their tears. The Sun himſelf, if he were ſenſible, would ſhrink at ſuch a ſpectacle. But if we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpoſe; that ſober reaſon which ſets a meaſure to our Souls in proſperity; it will ſuggeſt many things which we have ſeen and heard to moderate us in theſe ſad circumſtances. It will tell us that this life is full of affliction; and that all places abound with examples of humane calamities. But above all, that it is the command of God not to lament the dead in*

* *Epiſt.* 188.

in the Faith of Chriſt, becauſe of the hope of the Reſurrection: and that there are great crowns laid up for great patience. If we ſuffer Reaſon to ſing theſe things in our eares, we may find ſome moderate end of this evil. And therefore I exhort thee as a generous Combatant to fortifie thy ſelf againſt the heavineſs of this ſtroke, and not lie down under the weight of ſorrow. Being perſwaded, that though the reaſons of Gods diſpenſations are out of our reach, yet we ought intirely to accept that which is ordered by one ſo wiſe and loving: although it be heavy and grievous to be born. For he knows how to appoint to every one what is profitable, and why he hath ſet unequall terms to our life. The cauſe is incomprehenſible by us, why ſome are carried away ſooner, and others tarry longer in this toilſome and miſerable life: ſo that we ought in all things to adore his loving kindneſs, and not to take any thing ill at his hands. Remembring the great and famous voice of Job, *who when he heard that his ten children were all ſtruck dead in one moment, ſaid*; The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; as it pleaſed the Lord, ſo it is come to paſs.

paſs. *Let us make this admirable language our own. They are rewarded with an equall recompence by the juſt judge, who perform the ſame worthy actions. We are not robbed of a child, but only have reſtored him to the lender; nor is his life extinct, but only tranſlated to a better. The earth doth not cover our beloved, but Heaven hath received him: let us tarry a while and we ſhall be in his company. The diſtance of time is but ſhort between the arrivall of ſeveral travellers to their Inne: into which ſome are already turned, others are entring, and the reſt are making great haſt toward it: but they ſhall all come to one end. For though ſome perform the journey ſooner, yet all are in the ſame rode, and the ſame lodging expects them all.*

Thus that Holy man comforted *Nectarius*; and when he had done, he wrote the like conſolatory letter to his wife*: which is ſo full of good counſells, that I ſhall tranſcribe ſome of it. *Thoſe things*, ſaith he, *which befell us are not without Providence, as the Goſpel teaches us. For there is not a Sparrow that falls to the ground without the will of our Father. Why ſhould*

* *Epiſt.* 189.

ſhould we go about to reſiſt his will; ſeeing by all our ſtrife we cannot repair what is already done, but we may loſe and ruin our ſelves. Let us not condemn the juſt ſentence of God. We are not wiſe enough to diſcern his ſecret judgements. Our Lord makes a tryall of thee, how much thou loveſt him. Now is the time by patience to take thy portion with the Martyrs. The Mother of the Maccabees ſaw ſeven of her children put to death, with miſerable torments; and neither ſighed, nor ſhed ignoble tears: But ſhe gave God thanks, that ſhe had any thing to offer to him. It is a great affliction I confeſs, but there is a great reward for the Patience. When thou waſt made a Mother and broughteſt forth a Son; thou gaveſt God thanks: but didſt thou not think then that, being mortall thy ſelf, thou broughteſt forth a mortall child? What is there ſtrange then in this, that he who was mortall, is now dead? He dyed, perhaps thou wilt ſay, before his time. How knoweſt thou that? He dyed in a very good time, for any thing thou canſt tell; for it is beyond the compaſs of our underſtanding to chuſe that which is moſt profitable for ſouls; and ſet the bounds of humane life.

Much

Much more he adds to the ſame effect, which he repeats alſo in other Letters on the like occaſion.* But after this, which was laſt ſaid, what need is there of any more? The moſt ſolid comforts are thoſe which are derived from this humble ſubmiſſion to Almighty God, and entire reſignation of our ſelves to his incomprehenſible wiſdom. Concerning which a modern writer * hath ſpoken ſuch excellent words, that I cannot forbear to tranſlate them hither. *Our lives*, ſaith he, *are not all alike: their length is meaſured by the will of him that giveth them. He gathereth the fruit while it is green; he ſtaies till it be ripe; and He lets it hang till it be rotten: whatſoever he doth, we owe this ſubmiſſion to our Creator, to believe he doth nothing unjuſtly. He doth no wrong, neither to them he takes away young; nor to them whom he ſuffers to grow old. But to ask why he doth things with ſuch diverſity, is to queſtion that which we ſhall not be reſolved of, till we come to a place where there is a greater light: Now we are in ſuch a darkneſs as renders all our curioſities unprofitable. There are plummets to ſound*

* To *Elpidius* Epiſt. 348. and alſo 201.

* Mounſ. *Malherbe.*

ſound the deep abyſſes of the Sea, but none for Gods ſecrets. Believe me, and put this trouble out of your mind; it cannot ſtay there without diminution to your honour; and which is more (I muſt add) without diſreſpect to God. We wonder perhaps (to uſe the words of one of our own Nation*, which is no leſs fruitfull of good diſcourſes than any other) *To ſee a man, who in a Wood were left at his liberty, to fell what Trees he would, take only the crooked, and leave the ſtreighteſt: But yet that man hath, perhaps, a ſhip to build and not an houſe, and ſo hath uſe of that kind of Timber. Let not us, who know that in our Fathers houſe are many Manſions, but yet have no model or deſign of that Building, wonder at his taking in his Materials: why he takes the young and leaves the old, or why the ſickly over-live them who had better health. Then is the* Will of God done in Earth as it is in Heaven, *when we neither pretermit his actions, nor reſiſt them, nor yet paſs them over in an inconſideration, as though God had no hand therein; nor go about to take them out of his hands, as though we could direct him to do them better.*

* Dr. *Donne* letter to a Lady in mourning.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this, with ſome conſiderations of the ſame writer, in a letter to a Friend of his that had loſt her ſon. *We do but borrow children of God, to lend them to the world. And when I lend the world a Daughter in Marriage, or a Son in any profeſſion; the world doth not alwaies pay me well again: my hopes are not alwaies anſwered in that Daughter, or that Son. Of all that I lend to, the Grave is my beſt pay-maſter. That ſhall reſtore me my child, where he and I ſhall have but one Father; and pay me my Earth, when that Earth ſhall be Amber, a ſweet perfume, in the noſtrils of his and my Saviour. Since I am well content to ſend one ſon to the Church, the other to the Wars; why ſhould I be loth to ſend one part of either ſon to Heaven, and the other to the Earth? Comfort your ſelf in this, my Noble Siſter; but above all in this,* that it is the declared Will of God. *In ſickneſſes and other worldly croſſes, there are anxieties and perplexities; we wiſh one thing to day, in the behalf of a diſtreſſed child or friend, and another to morrow; becauſe God hath not yet declared his Will. But when he*

hath done that by death, there is no room for any anxiety, for any perplexity, no, not for a wiſh; for we may not ſo much as pray for the dead. You know David *made his childs ſickneſs his* Lent, *but his death his* Eaſter: *He faſted till it was dead, but then he returned to his repaſt, becauſe then he had a declaration of Gods Will. I am far from quenching in you, or diſcharging naturall affections: but I know your eaſie apprehenſions, and over-tenderneſs in this kind. And therefore ſince, in ſo numerous a family as yours, every year is like to preſent you with ſome ſuch occaſion of ſorrow; I adviſe you in the office of a Friend, and a Brother, and Prieſt of God, not only to take this* Patiently, *as a declaration of Gods preſent Will; but* Catechiſtically, *as an inſtruction for the future: and that God in this tells you, He will do ſo again, in ſome other of your Friends. For,* to take any one croſs patiently, is but to forgive God for once; but, to ſurrender one's ſelf entirely to God, is to be ready for all that he ſhall be pleaſed to do.

Theſe Generall Antidotes being time-

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ly uſed, will preſerve us from fainting under any other evil of this nature; and I need not be ſollicitous to preſcribe more particular remedies againſt them. But if any expect I ſhould; and tell me it is the death of their *Parents* which they bewail: they that brought them into the world, are themſelves gone out of it: I deſire to know of them, what wonder there is in this: If our Parents had not been to go out, what need would there have been of bringing us in? If they were deſigned to ſtay alwaies, then there had been no room for us. They might more eaſily remember their mortality than we; for there is no act that puts us more in mind of death, than that whereby we give another life. And it is but one of them it is likely that we have loſt, we may then love the other the more. Or if both, yet we have leaſt reaſon to complain about their death of all others; for both Nature, and they themſelves, and we alſo would have them die before us. We complain that people die when they are young; and will we complain too when they die of old age? Then it ſeems we will have none die, and cannot be con-

Conſiderations about the death of Parents.

tented unleſs they live alwaies. Would they have been willing to have been left childleſs without you? If not; then they have their choice to go firſt. Or are you ſo well in love with death, that it would have been more acceptable to you to have gone before? or ſo much in love with them, that on that account you had rather have died than they? Then know that your death would as much more have troubled them, than theirs doth you; as the love of Parents to their children tranſcends the love of all children unto them. It is very well then as it is. It is not handſome neither to complain when we are forty or fifty years of age, that our Parents are dead, for they could live no longer, or if they could, it would have been but a kind of death. If we will not ceaſe to complain when we are of age, neither ſhall we ever ceaſe when we grow older. For as *Cardan* tells us, A poor woman once came to his door to beg an alms, and though ſhe were ſeventy years of age, yet ſhe uſed this argument in her complaints, That ſhe was a poor fatherleſs and motherleſs creature, and had none to take any care of her. We need the leſs of their

their care, when we can take care of our ſelves.

But perhaps they die before we are of age, and can take care of our ſelves. Then we are leaſt ſenſible of their loſs; or if we are ſo conſiderate as to know that, we may conſider alſo ſuch things as theſe; There is none fatherleſs that hath God for his Father: and he that hath not, would be little better for his earthly Parents. If they were good, let us follow their example, and remember their Counſell: if they were bad, they would not have been true Parents to us; and it is well perhaps that we had not ſuch an example to follow. They may live ſtill in us, if they were good; if they were bad, we had need live the better; and ſpend thoſe tears for their ſins (which may entail curſes on us) which we beſtow upon them. But beſides, it is obſerved by ſome, that the moſt eminent perſons that have been in the world did loſe their Parents when they were young, or elſe it is like they had not proved ſo eminent. The great *Cæſar* and his ſucceſſor *Auguſtus*, *Alexander* the Monarch of the World, *Cicero* the famous Orator, *Galen* the moſt ex-

cellent Phyſitian, *Ariſtotle* the great Philoſopher, are all examples of this truth. If theſe had enjoyed the ſupport of their Parents to lean upon, they might not have tryed their own ſufficiency, nor exerciſed their abilities; or elſe they might have been wholly eclipſed by their luſtre, and done nothing to be taken notice of in the World.

And of Husband or Wife.

But my loſs, will ſome ſorrowfull Creature ſay, is greater than all this: no loſs than half my ſelf is gone from me. Death hath raviſhed an Husband out of my boſome, and he the tenderest in the world. A ſad caſe, I muſt confeſs; but it is well, ſince Death is ſo common, that he hath left one half and not taken all.

Would he had, will that paſſionate ſoul reply: I cannot live in any joy, now that the better part of me is dead and gone. O that I had never lived to ſee this day; or not out-liv'd it! Who can think of ſo wide a breach, and not be ready to go out at it? But ſtay a little, I beſeech you: did you never think of this before now? Did you not take one another with this clauſe [*Till Death us do part?*] Death and you

you ought to have been better acquainted before this time. It ſought your acquaintance long ago, and would have been as familiar with you as your Husband. Who ſpoke of parting with you, when you firſt came together: and now that you are parted, hath ſet you free again as you were before. If you like that State ſo well, you are at liberty to ſeek another ſelf. If you do not like to be tyed in ſuch a yoke; Why do you mourn thus, for the gaining of your freedom? Or if you liked that perſon ſo well, as not to be able to think of any other; then you may have the glory to ſtand among the rare and noble examples of conjugall love and friendſhip: who have preſerved the Image of their deceaſed Husband or Wife, ſo lively ingraven in their hearts, that nothing could ever diſplace it, or blot it out.

Alas! may ſome of the tenderer ſex ſay (whoſe hearts are commonly moſt deeply wounded with this affliction) what a pitifull glory is this? and what a torment will it prove to me, to have only the image of ſuch a perſon ever in my ſight? It is not poſſible to keep my ſelf from being in pain and anguiſh,

when I feel that he is torn from me. Since God hath made Man and Wife not to be two but one fleſh; How can I take this ſeparation otherwaies, than as if my body was cut in ſunder? In ſuch language I remember St. *Baſill* repreſents the complaints of a deſolate Widdow: And if you pleaſe hear his Anſwer, in a letter to the Wife of *Arinthæus**. Some part or other of which may help, perhaps, to compoſe the ſpirits of ſuch perſons, whom I cannot but pity above all other: and make them conceive ſome joy, when they look upon the Image of what they have loſt. And if you meet with ſome things in it that have been ſaid already; do not therefore skip it over haſtily: For ſecond thoughts of a good thing are better than the firſt; and the ſame thing in a new dreſs may meet with thoſe affections, which it did not excite before.

* Epiſt. 186.

There is none, ſaith he, *that doth not ſigh for ſuch a man. Who can be ſo ſtony hearted as not to ſhed a tear for him? Yet let us not complain that we are deprived of him, but give thanks to God who joyn'd you together, that you have lived ſo long with him. To be bereaved of an Husband, is common*

to

to you with all other women: But to dwell with ſuch an one, it may be queſtioned whether any can glory in the like happineſs. For to ſay the truth, God who made us all, created this man as an example of humane nature: ſo that all eyes were turned towards him, all tongues praiſed him; and many could not believe Arinthæus *to be dead, when they heard the ſad tidings of it. But he hath ſuffered only that, which ſhall one day befall the Heavens, the Earth, and the Sun it ſelf. He dyed alſo in his full ſplendor: and by his happineſs in this world, did not forfeit that of the next. Tranſlate therefore thy mind from things preſent, to the care of thoſe that are to come: ſo that thou mayſt be worthy by good works to enter into the ſame place of reſt and repoſe. Spare thy aged Mother: Spare thy young Daughter: who have no other comforter left but thy ſelf. Be an example of courage to the reſt of women kind: and ſo modcrate thy paſſions, that thine heart may not fail thee, nor thou maiſt not be ſwallowed up of grief. And above all things look to the great reward of patience, which is promiſed by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; in recompence of what we do here. Do not think* (as he adds in another Epiſtle

to

* Epiſt. 202. to her *) *that any affliction idlely befalls the ſervants of God, who are under his ſpeciall care; but for a proof of their ſincere love to our Creator. For as great labours bring the* Athletæ *to their Crowns: So are Chriſtians by theſe tryalls brought to perfection, if they receive with a becoming patience and all thanksgiving, whatſoever is ordered by our Lord. And there is nothing, I aſſure you, but is adminiſtred by the goodneſs of our Maſter: and therefore ought not to be received as grievous, though for the preſent it hurt our weakneſs. For though we know not the reaſons by which every thing is done, as good, by our Maſter; yet this we ought to perſwade our ſelves, that what hath hapned was profitable, either for us, becauſe of the reward of patience; or for the ſoul departed, that it might not be farther ingaged in a world ſo full of wickedneſs.*

Theſe were the arguments whereby he comforted other perſons as well as her: as appears by his letter to the Wife of *Briſon* *. To whom he adds theſe words: *Let thy Children be as ſo many lively Pictures of him to comfort thee in his abſence. Let thy thoughtfulneſs and care about their education, draw aſide*

* Epiſt. 347.

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thy mind from theſe ſad reflections. And by a conſtant ſolicitude to pleaſe God, the reſt of thy life, thou wilt get an excellent eaſe and quiet to thy afflicted thoughts. For a preparation for our defence before Jeſus Chriſt, and a ſtudy to be found among thoſe that love him; will be ſufficient to obliterate all our ſorrow, ſo that we ſhall not be ſwallowed up in it.

The ſame he writes to one that had loſt an excellent Wife; * A perſon ſo fit for him, that they might ſee themſelves in each other, as in a glaſs. *But why ſhould we contend with ſuch a Law of God as is paſt ſo many Ages ago. We are not the firſt, nor the only perſons that ſuffer on this faſhion. It is a common thing for all to die, though to have a good wife is peculiar to few, whom God bleſſes. The truth is*, to grieve for a ſeparation from a wife, is one of the gifts of God: *For I have known many that have parted with them, juſt as if they had thrown off a burden.*

* Epiſt. 346.

The reſt I ſhall not recite, becauſe I would leave ſome room for a long Diſcourſe of another great Perſon *, addreſſed to diſconſolate Widdows: the ſenſe whereof is this. I have loſt (ſaith ſome ſad ſoul) not only

* St. *Chryſoſtom* upon 1 *Theſſ.* *Hom.* 6.

only my companion, but my guide, my ſtay, my ſhield, my ſecond ſelf. I doubt not of the Reſurrection, which St. *Paul* treates of: but what ſhall I do in the mean time? Much buſineſs I have to manage; but I am become only a fit prey for every Cormorant, who hath a mind to be unjuſt. The ſervants who before reverenced me, will now deſpiſe a ſilly Woman. If my Husband ever obliged any body: Alas! It will be ſoon forgot, now that he can do them no further kindneſs. But if he did them any wrong; they will be ſure to take a ſevere revenge on me; who am not able to reſiſt them. This is the thing, that breeds me all my anguiſh: ſet this aſide, and his death would not give me ſuch a torment. What ſhall we anſwer (ſaith St. *Chryſoſtome*) unto this? *Truly I could eaſily demonſtrate, that not what they pretend, but an unreaſonable paſſion is the cauſe of words ſo ſad and dolefull. If this were the cauſe of their lamentation, then they muſt never ceaſe thus to bewail themſelves. But if after a yeares time all theſe tears are dryed up; its certain the want of their defence and comfort (which will then be moſt felt) is not the only cauſe of them. But let it*

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be ſuppoſed that this is the fountain of all their ſorrow; yet conſider how much infidelity there is in it, that we ſhould think it was They *who took the care and patronage of us; not God. It cannot chuſe but provoke his diſpleaſure, to ſee a Creature of his more beloved than himſelf: and therefore, perhaps, he took away thy Husband, becauſe he was more to thee, than thy God. The only one of* Iſrael *is very jealous; and cannot indure to be ſo ſlighted, that other things ſhould have ſo much of our affections, as his excellent goodneſs: which is therefore to be beloved by us above all things, becauſe it expreſſes a love to us above all other Creatures. What was the reaſon, I beſeech you, that widdowhood and Orphanage were ſo rare in the old times among good people? Why did* Abraham *and his* Sarah, *and* Iſaac *live till a great old age? Truly, I think it was becauſe* Abraham *loved God more than either of them: And when God did but ſay to him, Kill thy Son; he went about it as readily, as if he had been to Sacrifice a Lamb. But we are heavy and dull: we are carried ſo headlong into the embraces of Creatures, that God is fain even againſt our wills to draw our affections to himſelf, by drawing*

ing them away from us. Do but love God more than thy Husband, and I will undertake that either thou ſhalt not fall into Widdowhood; or ſhalt not feel it ſo great a miſchief when thou falleſt into it. And I have a good ground for what I avouch: for thou haſt him for thy Husband and thy Defence, that never dies; and that loves thee infinitely more than any man can do. And if this reaſon be not ſufficient to convince thee, I have a compariſon that will do the buſineſs. Tell me; if thou hadſt a Husband who loved thee ſo much, as if he had no ſoul but thine; one that was as much beloved of others as he loved thee; one ſo wiſe and diſcreet, that he was as much admired as loved; one ſo gentle and compliant, as if he was but wax to thy impreſſions, one that made thee ſhine as the Moon doth with the rayes of the Sun: And ſuppoſe thou hadſt a child by this dear perſon, who dies before he comes of age: Wouldſt thou be miſerably tormented and overwhelmed with ſorrow and grief for the death of this child, while thou didſt enjoy ſuch a better love? No, in no wiſe. He that is ſo fair and beautifull in thine eyes, would ſupply the want of it, as the Sun doth the abſence of the Stars. He that is now loved and eſteemed,

eſteemed, would quite obſcure and hide all the others excellencies. Do but love God then more than this Husband, and his glory, which puts out the luſtre of all other things; will make thee as little troubled at his death, as in the other caſe thou wouldſt be for thy childs. Nay far leſs, one would in reaſon think; in as much as God is infinitely more above that Husband, than he above the Child.

Beſides, what is it, which thou receiveſt from thy Husband, that is comparable to what the love of God gives thee? Are they not pangs and labours, and, as the world goes, unkind words perhaps, and angry chidings? Or if thou canſt tell me of better things, what are they? What are fine cloaths and Jewels, and honours, and ſuch like things, to the Son of God; to the Brother-hood and Adoption; to the Kingdom and eternall Glory; to the life of God and coheirſhip with the only begotten? Wilt thou after all this tell me thou canſt not but be paſſionately troubled for thy Husbands loſs? Me thinks thou ſhouldſt conſider, that if thou wanteſt him; thou haſt God. If thou wanteſt thy meniall ſervants, and attendants; thou haſt the guard of ſpiritual powers: The Dominions and Principalities of Hea-

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ven are thy Miniſters. If thou ſayeſt thy children want a Father, that cannot be, ſeeing God is the Father to the Fatherleſs. If thou feareſt they ſhall want neceſſaries, tell thy ſelf who gave them to thee, and whether the life be not more than meat, and the body than rayment. Or if thou feareſt they ſhall not be ſo well provided for, as otherwiſe they might have been; how many could I tell thee of, that have been bred by Widdows and proved famous? And, on the other ſide, how many that have had Fathers and been good for nothing? Put the fear of God in their hearts, and this will preſerve them more than a Father. When the guard is ſet within, they will leſs need one without. This will be better than riches, and glory and promotion to them: this will make them famous both upon Earth and in Heaven.

Do not ſet thine Eyes then on the youth, who by reaſon of his Fathers greatneſs is girded with a Golden Belt, and rides on a Prancing Horſe, and is taken into Kings Courts, and hath many Tutors and Governours following him at the heels: But caſt thine eye above, open the gate of Heaven by thy thoughts, look into that Stately Pallace; behold the King of glory there

there ſitting on his Throne; and if He whom thou admireſt on Earth can be ſooner admitted thither, than thy child: fetch a great ſigh; fill the Heavens with noiſe and clamour; I do not forbid thy lamentations. But ſeeing neither riches, nor birth, nor any thing elſe is there preferr'd, but only Vertue and goodneſs; judge what reaſon thou haſt to be content: and think how certain it is that nothing can make us diſmally ſad, ἂν θέλωμεν φιλοσοφεῖν, if we will not be fools, but Philoſophers.

And for thy ſelf, if thou complaineſt of being deſolate and ſolitary, remember what the Apoſtle ſaith, 1. Tim. 5. 5. *that ſuch an one,* Truſteth in God. *This is onely an opportunity to enjoy more of the chiefeſt Good. Thou haſt more time and liberty to pleaſe God, now that thou haſt none elſe to pleaſe. Thou art freed from all other bonds, to be tyed faſter to him. There are no chains, no reſtraints upon thee, to keep thee from doing what thou wouldſt. Thou art ſeparated from one Husband, to be united to a better. Thou haſt not the fellow ſervant, but thou haſt the Maſter. Thou haſt not thy Husband to talk with thee, but God is thy Huſband. When thou prayeſt, doſt not* Thou

talk with God? When thou readeſt, doth not God *talk with thee? And what doth he ſay to thee? Words more deſirable, more ſweet than can drop from any Huſbands lips. If he ſpeak never ſo kindly, the matter is not great; for he is but a fellow ſervant. When the Lord himſelf will be pleaſed to embrace and ſpeak lovingly to his hand-maid,* τότε πολλὴ ἡ διακονία, *This is a ſtrange piece of ſervice. And obſerve, I beſeech you, how he ſerves and waits upon us: Hear in what words he beſpeaks our affections.* Come unto me all you that are weary and heavy laden, and you ſhall find reſt to your Souls. *And again by the Prophet he cryes,* Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the Son of her Womb? Yea ſhe may forget, yet I will not forget thee. *What charms are there in theſe words? And what can have more of Honey in them, than thoſe expreſſions in the Song of Songs,* My Love, my Dove, my fair one, my Paradice, *&c. And yet this is the language of God to men. If we will not reſt ſatisfied in ſo tender a kindneſs, there is no Remedy, but we muſt be miſerable.*

To this purpoſe writes that excellent Perſon, with an Elegance, which, though

though I could not imitate yet, I could not but follow; till I have run beyond the bounds within which I intended to confine this diſcourſe. And yet the minds of ſuch perſons, as I am now treating withall, is many times ſo clouded by their ſorrow; that it will be charity to try all other means to brighten and clear them. I ſhall recommend therefore to them, before I take leave of this Argument, the advice of a great man in a neighbouring Country not many years ago *; ſent to a Lady oppreſſed with an obſtinate grief for the loſs of a dear Husband. His words are to this ſenſe. *Come to your ſelf again, Madam, and think what you are a doing. You drive away and eſtrange from you that very thing, which you love above all the world, and may enjoy continually, if you pleaſe. For where I pray you, do you think that is which you ſo much cheriſhed and loved? You will Anſwer me, in Heaven: And ſo it is, I make no queſtion, full of Joy and content among the bleſſed. But withall you believe that things above are ſo ſeparated from us, that they can be no more re-joined to us, as long as we live. Oh how much are you deceived! God himſelf*

* *Mouſ. du Vair.*

who is the higheſt and furtheſt from our Natures, is continually in us to give us unſpeakable joy from his preſence; if our ſouls be fit to harbour and entertain him. The holy Angells are continually about us, if we take care to draw them to us. And how do we know, that bleſſed ſouls in whom the faith of a holy love could never dye, would not come to viſit us, if we made our ſelves fit to receive them; and they found nothing in us contrary to their nature and happineſs, which hindred us from going towards them? And what greater obſtacle can there be unto it, than tears and ſorrow? The wings that muſt carry us up thither, are our thoughts; which animated by our deſires and the ardors of an holy friendſhip, muſt never ceaſe beating till they raiſe us up to that which we look for. And what do our tears but wet the wings of our thoughts, and hinder the flight of them. Do you not ſee that among the vapours which ariſe from the Earth, thoſe which proceed from rivers and marſhes, and other moiſt places, ſtop in the middle region of the air, and melting there return from whence they came? whereas thoſe which come from dryer matters, ſoar up higher, till being inflamed they turn into Comets and other

Cœleſtial

Cœleſtial fires. Do you believe in like manner, that your thoughts, though never ſo pious, can never mount high if they be clogged and wet with abundant tears. Let them be heated by the ſacred flame of your holy friendſhip, and purified from worldly contagion; and taking their flight through a calm and undiſturbed ſpirit, as through a clear and bright air: you will queſtionleſs overtake that which is fled from you; and embrace that bleſſed ſoul, and graſp the ſplendor of that eternal light, wherewith it is cloathed. And you will find it as if it conſented to your deſires, coming down again all along your thoughts as by a thred, giving you a more perfect rejoicing therein than can be imagined. It will dwell in you (at leaſt by the lively image of your vehement thought) and ſeem as if it were your ſelf. For we find that in corporeal things, a violent imagination makes us believe we ſee and touch that which is fartheſt from us. Try, Madam, *that which I ſay, and you will find it moſt true. Make uſe of this troubleſome grief, which you cannot be rid of, to ſpur your deſires, to be re-joyned to that, at the loſs of which you ſo much repine. Thus He.*

To which me thinks, I hear ſome

reply, that this way is too ſublime for their ſpirits. They cannot mount themſelves on this faſhion, but cleave faſt to theſe Terreſtial objects. It may be ſo; and all that I can ſay to ſuch is this; that next to God and our bleſſed Saviour, whom they apprehend, I hope, every where, to take care of thoſe that commit themſelves to the Fatherly Providence of the moſt ſupream Reaſon; they ſhould entertain themſelves in the company and embraces of their remaining friends: whoſe preſence is moſt delightfull, and converſe moſt comfortable. And all of them put together; may make a ſenſible Image of a dead Husband.

I know they will ſay, but theſe Friends may die too, and then what ſhall I do? I have told you already, and therefore have the leſs to add on this ſubject. Yet I ſhall remember you of the words of *Seneca* * concerning the death of a Friend which are to this purpoſe. If thou haſt other friends beſides this, is it not a great reproach to them of their unworthineſs, that all of them are not able to comfort thee for the loſs of one? If thou haſt no more, then thou haſt done thy ſelf a greater wrong than

* Epiſt. 63.

Of the Death of Friends.

than God hath done thee; for he hath taken but one, and thou haſt made never an one. *God makes men* (as is ſaid by ſome) *and we make friends.* And if thou beeſt deſirous of more, and findeſt ſuch need of them, thou haſt leiſure now to go and ſeek them. He can never want friends, that wants not Vertue. He loved not one well, that cannot love any more than one. Is it not a ridiculous folly for a man to ſhrug and cry when he hath loſt his coat, rather than go to fetch another garment to cover him from the cold? If he be taken away whom thou didſt love, ſeek another whom to love. It is far better to repair thy loſs, than to mourn for it. And if thou canſt not find another to thy mind, How couldſt thou be a friend to him that is dead, if thou haſt no power to help thy ſelf? why ſhould not a good man find enough in God and himſelf? The want of nothing, can make thee want Vertue; and he that hath that, hath enough. Nay, every good man is thy friend if thou beeſt good: and they that never ſaw thy face before, if they ſee thy goodneſs, will be good unto thee. *Bonos omnes oportet inter ſe amicos eſſe, etſi ſint* *Ap. Lius de Philoſ. Mor.*

minus noti: All good men ought to be friends, though they be not much acquainted.

I have passed over this last particular (as you see) very swiftly, because I observe my discourse swells to a greater bigness than I intended: And in some of the following considerations you shall find satisfaction to every one of these cases, if you will but concoct them.

SECT. VI.

Which directs how to quiet our selves by comparing our selves, both with our selves and with others; and there are five waies of comparison insisted on.

III. To compare our selves with our selves and others, a way to be contented. We were not so well once, or not better; and yet not so grieved.

Consider so far as to make comparisons. And first of all compare thy self now with *what thou once wast*, yea with what thou once wast not. There was a time when thou thy self wast not so much as dead, for thou wast not at all, nor hadst any capacity of joy or sorrow. Hath God dealt unkindly with thee in giving thee a being capable of both? Wouldst thou have refused a being

a being (if we may ſuppoſe an offer to be made to nothing) unleſs he would have given thee nothing but joy, and never taken away what he gave thee? unleſs thou haſt a mind to be nothing, be contented with what thou art. Then thou hadſt not theſe relations, for thou hadſt not thy ſelf. Why ſhouldſt thou mourn now that thou haſt them not, ſince thou haſt thy ſelf? Is there not more reaſon to be thankfull for a being, though capable of mourning, than to be troubled at the occaſion of it? Surely thou doſt not deſire to ceaſe thy mourning, by ceaſing to be. Eaſe thy ſelf then of thy grief by the being that God hath given thee. If thou *couldſt* not mourn then, *Do* not mourn now. But then conſider, that ſince thou hadſt a being, there was a time when thou hadſt none of theſe relations, no wife, nor children, nor friends which thou art deprived of. Yet thou didſt not then weep and lament, and trouble thy ſelf as now thou doſt. *Seeing thou art what thou waſt, be contented as thou waſt.* What difference is there between that time and this? Thou waſt as much without them then, as now thou art; why ſhouldſt thou not

be

be as much contented now as then? All the difference between thoſe that want a thing, and thoſe that loſe it, is only this; that they who loſe it once had that, which they that want it never had. Now ſhall we be the more troubled becauſe we once had it? one would think that their trouble ſhould be the greateſt that neither have it, nor ever had it. We have reaſon to be more pleaſed that we had it, if there were any good in it: and if there was none, then we have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed that we have it not. Say, hadſt thou rather never have enjoyed thy friends, than now be deprived of them? Was thy condition worſe or better heretofore? If it was but equall to thy preſent, then thou haſt reaſon to be equally pleaſed: Remember how thou waſt then, and be ſo now. If it was worſe then; why ſhouldſt thou be now worſe troubled? If it was better then, why didſt thou change it, ſeeing thou knoweſt that all muſt die? No queſtion it is better to have enjoyed a good thing, than never to have known it. And therefore ſeeing thou *art* no worſe now than thou waſt once, but *haſt* been better than once thou waſt, be not more troubled

troubled than thou waſt once; yea, be leſs troubled.

But *ſecondly*, compare thy preſent condition with *what thou maiſt be.* This is not the worſt that may befall thee in ſuch a world of miſeries. Suppoſe then that thou ſhouldſt loſe all thy children as *Job* did, and then loſe thy whole eſtate; that the Sea ſhould ſwallow one part, and the fire burn another, and theeves rob thee of a third, and bad debtors quite undo thee. Suppoſe after all this, that a fire ſhould begin to burn in thy own bones, and that ſhould break into boils, and they ſhould break into ſcabs, and thou ſhouldſt be poor, even to a Proverb, as that holy man was. Muſt thou not be contented then? But how is that poſſible, ſeeing thou canſt not be contented now? If ſuch a ſhowr of tears fall from thine eyes for this little loſs, then ſure thou wilt make a flood or a deluge. But what wilt thou do at laſt after all thy lamentations? Wilt thou kill thy ſelf? Then it ſeems thou takeſt death to be the end of all troubles; and I wonder thou ſhouldſt be ſo troubled at that which hath eaſed thy friend of them. Or what elſe wilt thou do? comfort thy ſelf? Try how thou

We may be worſe.

thou canſt do that now, for if thy ſtomack refuſe cordials in this diſtemper, never expect that it will digeſt them, when thou wilt be far more ſick and apt to vomit them up again. If *Job* had curſed the day wherein he was born at the firſt breach that God made upon his eſtate, what expreſſions of grief (below a great ſin) had he left for himſelf when he ſate upon the dunghill? The good man took the firſt loſſes ſo patiently, that all the reſt which befell him could not move him to greater impatience. Do thou remember him, and ſay to thy ſoul, Come, be quiet, this is not the worſt that may betide us; we have no ſuch cauſe to cry as we may have; *Let us learn Patience againſt a time when we may have more need of it.*

And then if we ſhould be brought to the very duſt, and fall as low as the dung of the earth, yet there is another way of conſidering *what may be* beſides this. We may be as happy again, as now we account our ſelves miſerable. Our ſorrow may be turned into joy, as our joy hath been turned into ſorrow. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy may come in the morning, according as I have ſaid in the former diſcourſe;

We may be better.

courſe; And ſo it was with *Job* whom God bleſſed in his latter end, more than in his beginning. *We have ſeen the end of the Lord* (ſaith the Apoſtle *James*) *that the Lord is very pitifull, and of tender mercy.* But then this pity of his is to be obtained only by Patience. If we cannot be contented, it is needfull, we may think, that he ſhould teach us it ſtill by greater loſſes. Job 42.12. Jam. 5.11.

Thirdly, *Compare what thou haſt loſt, with what thou haſt not loſt.* God leaves commonly more than he takes. He takes away thy children perhaps, but thou haſt thy Husband, and he is better than ten ſons. Or if thou haſt loſt thy Husband alſo, yet thou haſt thy ſelf; and why ſhould *a living man complain?* And thou haſt God himſelf, whom nothing can take away from thee. Or if thou haſt him not, yet thou maiſt have him; and who knows but that therefore thou haſt loſt thy friends, becauſe thou haſt not him? God hath taken them away, that thou maiſt ſeek after him. Wouldſt thou have been willing that all thou haſt ſhould have been loſt rather than this one friend? Shall God raiſe him from the

We have more than we want.

the dead, and all the reſt go into his Tomb? Wilt thou have all, or elſe take comfort in none? Then God may well take away all, and let thee have ſomething to cry for. Yea, who is there deſtitute of all friends and comforters? *Job* himſelf was not ſo ſpoiled, that they had robbed him of his friends. Though they did add indeed to his grief, yet it was their miſtake, and not their want of love. And if we ſhould have no better, then we may give God thanks, that he lets us ſee more than all our friends. Yea, it is a great mercy that God gives us time to ceaſe our grief and trouble. And perhaps we have riches; and a pleaſant dwelling, delightfull walks, *&c.* Or if we have not; and can bear that patiently; then we may ſoon learn how to bear this. Do the poor people of *Norway* weep when they eat, becauſe their bread is made of the barks of trees, and ſometimes of chaff; not of Corn as ours is? If there were no trees, nor chaff, nor no ſuch thing to fill their mouths, they might well cry; but as long as we have what is needfull, we ſhould be content, for nothing is ſo needfull as that. Let us not then weep becauſe

Bartholl. cent. 4. Hiſt. An. cap. 16.

becauſe we have not ſo many friends as we had, for we have more than we deſerve. Let us not mourn as though we were deſolate, when we want but one; no more than we complain of hunger when we have all variety of chear, except one diſh that we love moſt. But

Fourthly, Let us *compare our ſelves* (if you pleaſe) *with others.* In other caſes this is a thing we love to do, though there be ſo much danger in it that it may undo us. If we be guilty of any fault, then we comfort our ſelves in compariſons, and think that we are not ſo bad as others. Now that which we are apt to do when we *do ill*, we ought to do when we think we *ſuffer ill.* Is God more unkind to us than to any of our neighbours? Do not we ſee that many of our neighbours children are dead as well as ours? Many of them have loſt four or five, and we have loſt but one. Nay, many of them never had any, and yet they do not therefore mourn, and beſmear their faces with tears, and break their hearts with ſighs. Our caſe is the very ſame now that we have none; but only that it is a little better, becauſe we had once ſome.

We have more than many others.

And

And how thankfull ſhould we be that we had them ſo long, if it be deſirable to have them at all? But then we may ſay further to our ſelves, How many of them have loſt their friends in the late Wars? How many hath the ſword made Widdows, and the blood of how many of their children hath it drunk? Ours were taken away by the hand of God, but theirs were taken away by the hands of men. Our friends dyed in their beds, and theirs dyed in the field; Ours *went*, and theirs were *driven* out of the world. Come, let us go comfort our neighbours that have loſt more than we, for they ſtand more in need of comfort. If they ſtand in need of none, then no more do we.

De Conſol. ad Apollon.

It was very handſomely diſcourſed by *Socrates* (as *Plutarch* relates) That if we could all agree to put all the troubles and calamities of men into one heap, on this condition, that after every man had brought his and thrown them there, then they ſhould all come again and take every man an equall portion of them, there would be a great many that now complain, who would rather take up what they brought, and go their ways contented with them.

And

And ſo *Antimachus* an Ancient Poet, when his Wife dyed whom he loved exceedingly, he went and writ a Poem bearing her name, wherein he reckoned up all the calamities that he could remember had befaln any in the world. By this means he did deter himſelf from grief; for how can one ſuffer the miſeries which others endure, if he cannot bear this light one of his own?

It is better with us than with thoſe of former times.

Fifthly, *Let us compare our ſelves with the Ancient Chriſtians.* Their children were ſnatcht out of their arms by the hands of Tyrants. They ſee their brains daſht out againſt the ſtones; their friends were buried in fires, or baniſhed into ſtrange places, and they had no comforters left but God and themſelves; and their chiefeſt comfort was, that they muſt ſhortly die the ſame death. But notwithſtanding all this, and much more, they did not take it heavily, but Ευχαριστως ἤνεγκαν (as *Photius* ſpeaks) *They bare it all thankfully, and bleſſed God who could tell how to govern the world beyond all the thoughts of men.* Let not us who ſuffer but common things, weep with

Epiſt. 234.

an extraordinary ſorrow, when they who ſuffered moſt unnaturall deaths did bear it with more than naturall courage. They might have been allowed to have wept blood, rather than we to ſhed tears. And yet they rejoyced as if their friends had been offered in Sacrifice to God; and we weep as if they had been put to ſome ſhamefull torments for their crimes. Shall we mourn more for the death of a friend, than they for a butchery? What arguments had they to comfort them which we have not? What Scripture had they before their eyes to ſtay their tears, which we read not? If either of us have more to comfort us than the other, it is we; for we have their moſt excellent example. And when I think of the Mother of the ſeven Brethren mentioned in the *Maccabees*, ſhe calls my thoughts back a little further than the times of Chriſt. Did ſhe wring her hands when ſhe ſaw the skin of her ſon ſtead off from his head? Did ſhe caſt any tears into the fire wherein another of them was fryed? No, ſhe ſpeaks as chearfully as if they were not ſtripping them of their skins,

Mac. 2. 7.

but

but cloathing them with a royall robe. She looks upon them, not as if they lay upon a pan of coals, but in a bridal bed. She exhorted them, being filled with a couragious ſpirit, ſaying, *I cannot tell how you came into my Womb, for I neither gave you breath, nor life, neither was it I that formed the members of every one of you. But doubtleſs the Creator of the world, who formed the generation of man, and found out the beginning of all things, will alſo of his own mercy give you breath and life again, as you now regard not your own ſelves for his ſake.* This marvellous woman (as ſhe is called, *v.* 20.) knew very well that ſhe did not give them life, and therefore why ſhould ſhe take ſo heavily their death? She conſidered they were none of hers, and why ſhould not the owner take them? She knew that ſhe did not loſe them, but only reſtore them. That life ſometimes is not worth the having. That unleſs God will have us live, no wiſe man would deſire to live. That none gives any thing unto God, though it be his own, but he gives them ſomething better. And therefore ſhe V. 21, 22.

ſaid, Die my ſons, for that's the way to live.

What poorneſs of ſpirit then is it, that we cannot ſee a ſoul put off her cloaths without ſo much ado? That a Jewiſh woman could ſee ſeven ſouls torn out of their body with more courage, than a Chriſtian man can ſee one ſoul quietly depart and leave its lodging? I would wiſh every one to ſave his tears till ſome other time, when he may have ſome greater occaſion for them. If he will weep much, let it be when he ſees the bodies of his children or friends ſo mangled as theirs were. But if he would not weep out his eyes then, let him weep ſoberly, and not as if he were drunk with ſorrow now.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

Several reaſons are given againſt immoderate ſorrow, which are compriſed in 14. *Queſtions which we ſhould make to our ſelves. The reaſon and ſpirit of them you may ſee in the Margin, at the beginning of every particular.*

AFter we have taken this courſe with our ſelves, we ſhall be the more prepared to hearken unto reaſon. And let us proceed from making compariſons, *to ask our ſelves ſome Queſtions*, and ſtay till they give a good anſwer. Let us know of our ſelves why we are ſo ſad and heavy? Let us ſpeak to our ſouls, and ſay, Tell me, what is the matter? What is the cauſe of all this grief? Thou art a rational creature, what reaſon haſt thou for all this ſorrow? Thou art not to be pityed meerly for thy tears, if thou canſt cry without any cauſe. Hideous things appear ſometimes before us to *affright* us; but they are the *Chimera's* of a childiſh imagination, and not things really exiſtent. Let us bid fancy then

IV. We muſt think with what reaſon we weep.

to ſtand aſide a while, and let reaſon ſpeak what it is that ſo troubles us. Children cry who cannot ſpeak, and we are not much troubled at it, becauſe they cry for they know not what; Unleſs we therefore can tell why we weep, no body will pity us, becauſe it is not weeping that we are to mind, but the cauſe of mens weeping. Let me then propoſe theſe queſtions to be anſwered, ſome of which will diſcover that there is no cauſe of ſad lamentations when our friends die. And if there be no cauſe that the fountain of tears ſhould run, that is cauſe enough to ſtop it up.

No cauſe of mourning immoderately for their ſakes who are dead.

I. *For whoſe ſake doſt thou weep?* For the ſake of him that's dead, or for thy own? Not for him that is dead ſure; for we ſuppoſe him to be happy. Is it reaſonable to ſay, Ah me! What ſhall I do? I have loſt a dear friend that ſhall eat and drink no more? Alas! He ſhall never hunger again; never be ſick again, never be vexed and troubled; and which is more, he ſhall never die again. Yet this is the frantick language of our tears, if we weep for the ſake of him that is gone. Suppoſe thy

thy friend ſhould come to thee, and ſhake thee by the hand, and ſay, My good friend, why doſt thou lament and afflict thy ſoul? I am gone to the Paradiſe of God, a ſight moſt beautifull to be beheld, and more rare to be enjoyed. To that Paradiſe am I flown, where there is nothing but joy and triumph, nothing but friendſhip and endleſs Love. There am I where the head of us all is, and where we enjoy the light of his moſt bleſſed face. I would not live if I might again, no not for the Love of thee. I have no ſuch affection to thy ſociety (once moſt dear unto me) that I would exchange my preſent company to hold commerce with thee. But do thou rather come hither as ſoon as thou canſt. And bid thy friends that they mourn not for thee when thou dyeſt, unleſs they would wiſh thee to be miſerable again. If we ſhould have ſuch a ſhort converſe with one of our acquaintance, what ſhould we think? what ſhould we ſay? Should we fall a mourning and crying again? Would it open a new ſluce for our tears to flow out? Would we pray him to go to Heaven no more, but ſtay with us? Would we entreat him to beg of God that he

might come and comfort us? If not, then let us be well content, unless we can give a better reason for our immoderate tears, than our love to him. *In 4. Sap. v. 7.* *Holcoth* reports of a learned man, that was found dead in his Study with a Book before him: A friend of his was exceedingly amazed at this sight when he first came into the room: But when he looked a little further, he found his fore-finger pointing at this place in the book of *Wisdom*, c. 4. v. 7. Δίκαιος ἐὰν φθάσῃ τελευτῆσαι ἐν ἀναπαύσει ἔσται. *Though the just be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest.* And when he observed this, he was as much comforted, as he was before dejected. We have no reason to lament them who are made immortall, and that live with God. If we respect them only, we should carry them forth as the *Ægyptians* did the great Prophet of *Isis* when he dyed, not with howlings and sorrow, but with hymns and joy, as being made an heir πρὸς τὸν κρειττόνων, with our *Betters*, and gone to possess most glorious things. *Heliod. l. 7. Æthiop.*

The truth of it is, if it were rationall Love to him that expresseth these tears, then we should not begin them so

ſo ſoon, nor make ſuch a noiſe, and cry when men are a dying. For the ſad countenances and the miſerable lamentations wherewith we encompaſs ſick mens beds, make death ſeem more frightfull to them, than it is in it ſelf. What miſery am I falling into (may a man think) that cauſes them to make ſuch a moan? What is this death, that makes even them look ſo ghaſtly who are not like to die? What a miſchief is it to leave ſo many ſad hearts behind me, and to go my ſelf (it ſhould ſeem by them) to ſome ſad and diſmall place alſo? I tell you, a dying man had need have a double courage, to look both *death* and *them* in the faces, or elſe their indiſcreet ſhrieks and lamentations will make a poor ſoul fall into ſuch dark and cloudy thoughts. Men are fain therefore to ſay that it is indeed Love to themſelves that forces them thus to bemoan the death of their friends. But what are you, that cannot be contented one ſhould be made much better, by making of you a little worſe? Is this the great Love you pretend to your friend, that you are extreamly ſorry he is gone to Heaven; are you a friend, that look more at your own ſmall bene-

Nor for our own ſakes that are alive.

fit,

fit, than at his great gain? was he not much beholden to you for your love, that would have had him lived till you were dead, that he might have been as miſerable in mourning for you, as you think now your ſelves to be? But what is it I beſeech you, that you thus bemoan your ſelves for? Becauſe that you are now miſerable? No, it ſeems that you are not miſerable enough, and that makes you weep ſo much. If you had ſome greater trouble befaln you, that would put the leſſer out of your mind. If you were ſick or in pains, or had loſt all your goods, theſe things could take your mind off from this loſs; Why then cannot the enjoyment of your health, and eaſe, and plenty do as much for you? When *Joab* did but threaten *David* that they all would leave him, unleſs he would be comforted, then he could wipe his face, and appear in publick as a man well pleaſed. Fear of loſing his Kingdom, put away the grief for the loſs of his ſon. And therefore let us not ſpeak of our being forlorn and miſerable by this loſs; for at laſt we find it is not ſo. But how doth it appear that meer ſelf-love is the original of theſe tears? Suppoſe this perſon to have

2 Sam. 19. 7.

have been at ſo wide a diſtance from us for a year or two, that no tideings of him could come to us. Did we weep and lament all that while becauſe he was not with us? Did not the thoughts that he lived, and hopes to ſee him again comfort us? And yet, was he not then in a manner dead, when we neither ſaw, nor felt nor heard from him? What help did we receive from him at that diſtance; or wherein did he pleaſure us? If we did not account our ſelves ſo miſerable all that time as to ſpend it in tears; we ought not to do it now. We are now as we were then: in all things the very ſame; ſave only in the knowledge that he is dead. But was he not dead as I ſaid, to us before? Was he not like a man in another World? What was there that he did for us, which we do not now receive at his hands? Let us be as quiet now, as we would have been on ſuch an occaſion: Eſpecially ſince we know our Friend ſtill lives, and we have hope to ſee him again. Naturall affection, I confeſs, in either caſe will make us big with ſighs, and burſt forth often into tears. We feel we are not as we were before. There is ſomething wanting, which

which we formerly enjoyed. And it is an old acquaintance perhaps, which Nature cannot but be loth to part with-all. Get a new Nature then; and that will mend all. Though the firſt motions be ſo free, that they owe no tribute to reaſon: Yet when they come, we ſhall be carefull not to follow them. If we do, it will not be very far. Religion and reaſon, if we hearken to them, will teach us to reſtrain our ſelves. *Religion* (as a great perſon * ſpeaks) *will not ſuffer us not to will what God wills: And Reaſon will teach us to bear thoſe things with an equall mind, which do not happen to us alone; and which we cannot by all our tears make not to have hapned.* They will not let us expect that time ſhould take away this ſickneſs from us. That is the Remedy of vulgar ſpirits: *Sapientis eſt, tempus ipſum antevenire, & dolori ipſi naſcenti occurrere.* It is the part of a wiſe man to outſtrip time and get before it: To prevent a grief that is a growing and ſtrangle it in the very birth. And indeed from hence we conclude that it is not meer Naturall affection neither, to which We commonly owe our ſadneſs and ſorrows: but

* *Joſeph. Scalig. Epiſt. 139. ad Iſ. Caſaub.*

but the freſhneſs and preſence of the cauſe of them. For time, as was ſaid, will make us forget them; or if our parents had dyed a little after we were born, we ſhould never have wept when we came of age, to think that they were departed. It is no hard matter then for a conſiderate perſon to ceaſe his grief, ſeeing it depends upon ſuch ſmall cauſes. And if any one ſhall ſay that it is Love to the good of the world that makes him mourn for the loſs of an uſefull perſon; He hath reaſon to rejoyce that he loves the good of men ſo much. For then he will labour to do much good in the world himſelf; and he will perſwade all the friends he hath remaining, that they would do all the good they can, and repair that loſs.

II. But let me further ask you, *Was thy friend Gods friend alſo, or was he not?* If he was the friend of God, as well as a friend of thine, why ſhould not he have his company rather than thou? If he was not Gods friend, then he could not be thine neither. No man can love us aright, that doth not love God, and if he do love God, why ſhould

Our friends if *Good*, are not loſt.

ſhould we think much that he goes to God? But ſuppoſing he was very dear to us; then I ſay, that if he was *Bad*, thou oughteſt to have mourned for him before this. For then thy tears might have done ſome good, which now are altogether unprofitable. *Seven daies* (ſaith the ſon of *Sirach*) *do men mourn for him that is dead; but for a fool, and an ungodly man, all the daies of his life.* But if he were a *Good* man, then thou needeſt not mourn now, for thou mayeſt hope to ſee him again, if thou art *Good*. Thus thou mayeſt comfort thy ſelf, My friend is not gone, but gone before. He is ſeparated from us, but not loſt. He is abſent, but not dead. He hath taken a journey into a far Countrey, and there I may go to ſee him. What matter is it whether my friend return to me, or I go to him? None but this, that if he be in a better place, then it is better that I go to ſee him, than that he come to ſee me. Should we not deſire to be better our ſelves, and not to have him made worſe? then let us contentedly follow as faſt as we can, hoping there where he is to embrace again. We cannot expect him in our houſe, but he expects us in his. He cannot come down to us,

Eccleſ. 22. 12.

but

but we may go up to him. He cannot come back, but we may follow after. And there is no difference (as I ſaid) between his viſiting of us at our home, and our going to ſee him at his, but only this, that it is a great deal better for us to ſee him there where he is, and not where we are now our ſelves. Let us not mourn therefore for that which cannot be, but rejoyce for that which may and will be. And let it comfort us that we ſhall come together again, but in a better place than we would have it; we ſhall have our deſires fulfilled, but in a more excellent manner than we deſire. And if in the mean time he can do us any good, we may be ſure we ſhall not want it.

III. Ask your ſelves again, *Why ſhould you mourn more for your loſs, than be glad for your enjoyment?* If there be ſo much reaſon to lament the abſence of this friend, then it ſhould ſeem his enjoyment was very valuable. Think therefore of the ſweetneſs thou hadſt in that, which thou wouldſt purchaſe again with ſo many tears. Is there no comfort but only in things preſent? Is it not a piece of our folly to forget what

As they are not loſt, ſo we have had them long.

what we have enjoyed? Shall we only think what delight we have lost, and not of what we have had? We do not know whether we have lost any, but only that which we had; and that we may think of as much as if he were alive. Of what we have enjoyed we are certain, but there is no certainty of what we should have found in our friend for the time to come. Think then of the time past, and rejoyce that thou didst find so sweet a friend. Imagine not how long thou mightest have enjoyed him, but think how long thou didst. It was but naturall to lose him; but it was supernaturall to enjoy him. All men are born to die, but all men are not born to live so long before they die. All men have acquaintance, but all men have not friends. Therefore he that hath a friend, and hath him so long; is to acknowledge that God is very much his friend. He was not ours, but was given us by God; or rather he was not given, but only lent. We had not the propriety, but only the use, We have not lost any thing that was our own, but only restored that which was anothers. And therefore now that he is taken away, we are not to be angry that

that God requires his own, but to be thankfull, that he hath lent us ſo long that which was none of our own. And aſſure your ſelves there is nothing more unreaſonable than to mourn that God gave us a thing no longer; and not to rejoyce that he gave us that which is ſo deſirable, at all. Ceaſe your tears I beſeech you, unleſs you will ſhew that you deſerved to have wept a little ſooner. Either ſay that he was not worth the having, and then you need not weep at all; or elſe give God the thanks that you had a perſon ſo worthy, and that will ſtay your immoderate weeping.

Nay, will ſome paſſionate perſon ſay, but this will rather augment our grief, when we think that he was ſo much worth unto us; and yet is gone. But that is our fault, if we will think more and oftner that he is not, than that he was. How can any body help you, if you will needs look more upon his departure, than upon his ſtay? Seeing there is more reaſon that you ſhould pleaſe your ſelf in what is paſt, it is to be ſuppoſed that your thoughts will be more upon it; and if they be, you cannot be ſad: But if they be not,

then you are not to be cured by reaſon, but by ſomething elſe. When you are apt to fetch a ſigh, and ſay, Oh my dear friend is gone! Call it in again, and ſay, Thanks be to God that I had ſuch an one to loſe. Who would not be willing to ſpend ſome tears after ſo much joy; But then the remembrance of the joy will command that the tears do not overflow. It is an excellent ſaying of *Seneca*, I ever think of my friends with joy; *For I had them as if I ſhould loſe them, and I have loſt them as if I had them.* If we could but think of them as dying while they are alive, then we ſhould more eaſily think of them as alive when they are dead. If we could be willing to part with them when we have them, we ſhould think that we have them when we have parted with them. And the truth is, we cannot pleaſe our ſelves long in the remembrance of them, unleſs it be accompanied with ſome joy. I do not adviſe you to forget your friends, and put them out of mind, but to remember them, and keep them in your thoughts. But how ſhort a remembrance (ſaith the ſame *Seneca*) muſt that be, which is alwaies joyned with

Habui illos tanquam amiſſurus amiſi tanquam habeam. Epiſt. 63.

with grief and ſorrow? If we would remember one alwaies, we muſt remember him with pleaſure; For no man will return willingly to that which he cannot think of without his torment. And if there be any little grief intermixed with our thoughts, yet that grief hath its pleaſure. As the ſharpneſs of old Wine doth make it more acceptable to mens palates, and as Apples are more gratefull for their ſowre ſweetneſs; ſo *Attalus* was wont to ſay, That the remembrance of our friends is the more pleaſant, for that little ſorrow that is mingled with it.

IV. Ask your ſelves again, *Why ſo many mourn for one?* Could that one have mourned more for you all, than every one of you do for him? If you will weep, weep only your part, and do not weep as if there was none elſe to weep but your ſelves. If a man that was not acquainted with the world, ſhould ſee ten, or twenty, or perhaps a greater number ſitting in a room, and miſerably bemoaning of themſelves, would he not ask what Town was burnt, or what Family was dead that cauſed ſo many mourners? How much then

And we have many more remaining.

would he be aſtoniſhed when he heard the Anſwer; that you had loſt a friend, a child, or ſome one of your other relations? What? Are there ſo many tears due (would he think) from every man of theſe upon the ſcore of one Creature only? Muſt *ſo many* be ready to die, becauſe *one* hath taken his leave of them? Can there be no comfort found among ſo many of you againſt the death of a ſingle perſon? Me thinks you ſhould all of you together weep no more for the death of one, than that one would have wept for you, if you had been dead altogether. Look therefore upon one another, and ſay, You are ſtill left behind, and I am left, and here are twenty more of our friends alive; how is it then that we are diſcontented, as if we had not loſt one, amongſt us all, but every one of us had loſt one? If there had been but one of us left, what could he have done more, than what every one of us doth? Could he ſhed more tears for the loſs of us all, or make himſelf more ſad than we now are? Either let us ſay, that one and ten are equall, or let us not ſhed as many tears for one as we would for ten; much leſs ten times as many tears as there

there would be for that number. For but one would weep for ten, and here are ten that weep for one. Divide your grief then, and let every one bear a part, but not the whole; for that is, as if you had none to bear it with you.

V. Ask thy ſelf, *Who is it that governs the world?* Is it the will of God, or thy will that thou prayeſt may be done? Shall not he that made a thing have leave to diſpoſe of it as he thinks good? By what Law is it that he ſhall not do what he pleaſes with his own? Muſt we have our wills in all things, and muſt not he have his will alſo? Muſt not he be pleaſed as well as we? If we think it ſo reaſonable to have what we will; then it is more reaſonable that he ſhould have what pleaſes him. Now if our will and his will cannot ſtand together, which ſhall bend and ſubmit themſelves to the other? Is not his will moſt wiſe? If he had conſidered better, would he have done otherwiſe? Could we have told him what would be moſt fit for us? If we had been of his Counſel, ſhould not this friend have been taken away? Doth

Or if we have not, God is ſtill ours, who rules the world, and not we.

he will things because he will? Perhaps there is no reason at all for our wills, and we are in love with a thing, we we know not why: shall we think that he is so in like manner? Or if we have any reasons, are not his better? We would have the life of a child that he may be a comfort unto us; God will have us to part with him, that he himself may be our only comfort. We should chuse his life, that he might enjoy the things that we have got: But God thinks fit that he should die, that we may put our estates to better uses, whereby we are assured he may be more glorified. Or perhaps we desire our children may live for Gods glory sake, that they may honour and serve him in the World: But cannot he tell what is best for his own glory? Is he so careless of that as to take away the things without which he cannot be served? Let us then cease our complaints unless we would have him to let us govern the World. But he was taken away, will some say, before his time, else I should be content. I shall answer this as *Photius* doth (Who accords with *Basil* the great, before mentioned,) Μὴ μοὶ γένηται τοιαύτην φωνὴν ἀκοῦσαι, Let me

Epist. 234.

hear

hear no ſuch word I beſeech you, a word too bold to be ſpoken, and more bold to be thought. Before the time do you ſay? Then why was he not thought to come before the time, when he came out of his mothers Womb? There is no reaſon for it but this, that it was the will and pleaſure of God that he ſhould be born at ſuch a time. And muſt God appoint the time of his birth, and we ſet the time of his death? Did the Workman give him a being in good time, and take him to himſelf, not knowing the fitteſt ſeaſon? From a drop he made him to become a lump of fleſh. He formed the fleſh into parts, he brought him into the light, and he kept him in his infancy and childhood. Was any of theſe out of due time? Why then ſhould it be out of ſeaſon when he tranſlated him to another life? Let us do therefore as *David* did, who prayed and wept as long as he could hope the decree of God was not abſolute concerning his childs death; but when he ſaw that it was irreverſible, he comforted himſelf. Let us alway ſay as *Job* doth, *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, and bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.* And let this be further conſider-

ed to the enforcing of this truth, that *if the will of the Lord muſt be born, then it muſt be done.* And his will is, that we ſhould take all things patiently, yea, chearfully from his hands. And therefore if we mourn immoderately, what do we but only add ſin unto our pain? As there is a time to laugh, ſo there is a time to weep: But there is no more time to weep ſuperfluouſly, than there is to laugh idly and profuſely. Both in the one and in the other we muſt be wholly ſubject to the Will of God. But that Will of God, as I ſaid, is very wiſe in every thing, and therefore he intends to turn our mourning into laughter, and by every ſad thing that doth befall us, to make our hearts glad. He alwaies gives ſomething better than he takes away, if we would but ſeek after it; and ofttimes he takes one thing away that we may ſeek after the better. But alas, our blindneſs is ſo great, that we value not that which brings us profit, unleſs it be ſweet to our taſte. We let our paſſion judge, and not our reaſon; and therefore we think there is no good in a bitter cup, and no danger in a pleaſant draught. We lament and mourn when

we

we ought to think our ſelves great gainers; and we rejoyce and leap, when perhaps a croſs or the greateſt burden hath befaln us. Let us ſtay a while therefore, and expect the end of things before we mourn too much. And let us but deſire to be cured, rather than pleaſed; to have our ſouls amended, rather than our fancy humoured; and we ſhall have great reaſon to thank God for every thing that comes to us.

VI. And this will lead me to another conſideration, concerning the *Goodneſs of God* in all that he doth. Ask thy ſelf therefore, *Doth not God do all things for our good?* Do we wiſh better to our ſelves than God doth? Hath not He the greateſt care of all his creatures, to ſee that it be well with them? Did he make them for any other end than that they might be happy? Is there the leaſt Sparrow as I ſaid before, that falls to the ground without our Fathers Providence? Then Mankind muſt needs be under a greater love, and none of them can die by chance, but by his direction. And above all other men, He hath a ſingular care over

And he rules it better than we could do.

over the perſons of good Chriſtians; the very hairs of whoſe heads are all numbred. If not ſo much as an hair can drop off without Him, much leſs can any body of them fall into their graves, but He hath a hand in it. But ſtill He hath a more ſpeciall Providence over ſuch Chriſtians as are Fatherleſs and Widdows, helpleſs and deſtitute of all ſuccour. And therefore as it was his goodneſs that took their friends away, ſo much more will his goodneſs take care of them whom he hath left none elſe to take care of. He conſiders us not only as his children, but as children placed in the midſt of ſuch and ſuch circumſtances, as deſolate and ſad, as left only to his Providence and tuition. And therefore it is that the Pſalmiſt
Pſa. 10 14. ſaith, *Thou art the helper of the Fatherleſs.* And in another place, *A*
Pſa. 68. 5. *Father of the fatherleſs, and a Judge of the widdow, is God in his holy ba-*
Pſa. 69. 23. *bitation. I am poor and ſorrowfull, let thy ſalvation ſet me up on high.* Yea and all good men are full of compaſſion to ſuch perſons: So that *The*
Job 29 12, 14. *bleſſing of thoſe that are ready to periſh come upon them; and they cauſe the widdows heart to ſing for Joy.*

It

It is an excellent ſaying of the Royal Philoſopher *Antoninus*, worthy to be engraven upon our minds; *If there be a God, then nothing can be hurtfull to us, for he will not involve us in evil. But if either there be none, or he take no care of mens matters, what ſhall I live for in a World that is without a God, or without a Providence? But there is a God, and he cares for men alſo, and hath put it into their power not to fall into thoſe things which are truly evil. And for the reſt that befall us, if any thing of them had been evil, he would have provided that we ſhould have been able not to have faln into that neither.* But if this great perſon had known alſo that God leaves us not alone to our own power, when he ſends any thing upon us, but that he hath a peculiar love to his ſervants when they are in trouble, and affords them his aſſiſtance: He would have ſaid on this ſort, *If we be not alone without God, then nothing need diſcomfort us, for he is the God of all comfort. If we be alone, then we had need to be moſt diſcomforted for that, and never endure in a condition without God. But we are not alone, and we*

Εἰ μὲν θεόὶ εἰσιν, οὐδὲν δεινόν. Καὶ χῶ γάρ τε οὐκ ἂν περιβάλοιεν, &c. Lib. 2. Sect. 11.

we are leaſt alone when we are alone; and have him moſt, when we have other things leaſt. Therefore he hath put it into our power not to be troubled, but to go to him for comfort in all that befalls us; and if there were no comfort in him for us in ſuch caſes, then they ſhould not have befaln us. Let us not therefore mourn as long as we have a God, and as long as all things make us ſeek for our comfort in him.

Grief will end, let us end it.

VII. Let us ask our ſelves, *How long we intend to mourn?* Doth any man intend to continue it all his life? Then he may fall into the follies of *Auguſtus*, who made the image of his Nephew whom he dearly loved, be placed in his Bed-chamber, that he might Kiſs it and Embrace it daily. Or the dotage of *Alexander* will be a fit puniſhment for us, who built Temples, and commanded ſacred ſolemnities every year for his beloved *Epheſtion*. Do you intend every year to have a funeral Sermon? To go and weep over their graves at that time, as you do when they are firſt put into them? If not, ſet ſome meaſures to your mourning, for of it ſelf it knows no meaſure. And if you

you intend not to weep alwaies, why can you not ceaſe now? If it be not a thing to be lamented for ever, why ſhould it be ſo ſadly lamented at all? Decency indeed doth require ſome mourning, and naturall affection muſt be allowed its tears; but we muſt ſtay them as ſoon as may be, and not mourn as if we thought we could never mourn enough. For if we think ſo, then we muſt mourn alway, or elſe we ſhew that we had no reaſon to mourn ſo much. But if any man be reſolved to let the ſorrow take its courſe, and run as far as ever it can, let me tell him, that either his ſorrow will ſpend him, or elſe it will ſpend it ſelf, and ſo be cured without any thanks at all to him. It is a trite thing which I am going to add, but (to ſpeak with *Seneca*) I will not therefore forbear to ſpeak it, becauſe it is ſpoken by all: So it falls out that *he who will not put an end to his own grief, time will end it for him.* But this is moſt diſhonourable as hath been already ſaid, to expect, till it put an end to it ſelf, when it can run no longer, and not to end it our own ſelves by not permitting it to run at all without our leave. To be weary of

of weeping is the baſeſt remedy for grief. It is far better for us to leave grief, than to let it leave us. It is a ſhame to let time conquer that, which hath conquered us. Seeing it muſt ceaſe; let it ceaſe by our valour and ſtrength, not by its own weakneſs. Let it die by our hands, and not meerly becauſe it can live no longer.

We are weary of nothing ſooner than of grief, and therefore let us ceaſe that, which if we would, we cannot long continue. It is well obſerved by *Pliny* the ſecond, that as a crude wound is very angry under the Chirurgions hand, but in a ſhort time doth both ſuffer it and require it; ſo a freſh grief doth uſe to reject and deſpiſe all comfort, but ſhortly after not only receives it moſt courteouſly, but alſo deſires and expects it. And ſeeing if it can find no comfort, it will fairly ceaſe it ſelf; it is more like men, that we ſhould comfort our ſelves and put a period to it.

Lib. 5. Epiſt. 16.

It may do us much harm before it end.

VIII. Ask thy ſelf again, *To what purpoſe is all my mourning?* Every wiſe man intends ſome good to himſelf in what he doth; and therefore unleſs ſorrow will do us ſome good, it is a fooliſh

ſh thing to indulge unto it. But can any man that hath had his fill of it, tell us what ſatisfaction it hath given him? May we not put all our gains in our eyes (as the Proverb is) after they have wept ſo immoderately? Doth any man ſay he is glad that he mourned ſo much? Then he had beſt mourn again if there be ſo much gladneſs and profit in it. Had we not better ſay with *David* concerning his child when it was dead, I ſhall go to him, but he ſhall not return to me? I may bring my ſelf in ſorrow to my grave, but I cannot bring him up from the dead. I cannot water him with my tears, as we do a dry plant, that he may ſpring up again, but I may eaſily drown my ſelf, and learn others by my example not to weep ſo much for me. What I would not have them do for me, why ſhould I do for another? Why ſhould I make my ſelf miſerable, and make no body elſe the better? The truth is, if there were only no good in it, it were the leſs matter; but it doth us likewiſe not a little harm. Though it will end of it ſelf, yet it may breed us no ſmall trouble before it end. This is all the comfort that ſuch a man hath, and it is a very poor one; that

Πολλὰς ἀπώλεσε λύπη, ἐ μόνον Σῶμα διαφθείρασα, &c. *Pho. Epiſt.* 234.

that if his grief do not kill him, it will kill it self: But many an one hath grief destroyed; many a body hath it distempered; and given most mortall wounds also to the soul it self. Many affections move the soul most vehemently, but none more than grief, which hath been the cause of madness in some (as *Plutarch* hath observed) and in others hath bred incurable diseases, and made others destroy themselves. And this it may do either *naturally*, for nothing eats the heart so much as grief; nothing casts such a damp on the vital spirits as immoderate sorrows; or else *providentially* by Gods anger, who is displeased to see us so angry and repining, and often inflicts worse things upon us than those which we causlesly make the matter of so dolefull complaints. Let us therefore cease that which brings such troubles before it cease it self; and when it is ceased, gives us a new sorrow, to think that we should be so unreasonably sorrowfull.

We must write upon this, as well as upon inordinate joyes, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of Spirit.* And therefore let us not be troubled

bled now, leſt we be troubled more afterward, to conſider how fooliſhly we were troubled. The Fable of *Niobe* which tells how ſhe turned her ſelf with ſorrow into a ſtone, doth but ſignifie the ſtupidity and dulneſs that waits upon grief, and the exceſſive melancholly into which it ſometime caſts us, which renders us as inſenſible as a ſtone. Take heed how you grow in love with ſadneſs, for it hath no profit wherewithall to recompence your affection to it; but payes your folly only with it ſelf, and ſuch diſeaſes as ordinarily uſe to accompany it. And we ſhould be the leſs in love with it, becauſe there are ſo many occaſions of it in our lives. We need not weep ſo much for the loſs of one thing, for we muſt expect continual loſſes. The world is not ſuch a place that we ſhould take care to ſpend all our tears at one time; we ſhall have occaſion enough for them, if we have any mind to weeping. Let us beſtow therefore the leſs upon one, becauſe there are ſo many objects to ſollicite our ſorrows. And if our ſouls be tender, and apt to receive the impreſſions of dolefull things, we have the more need to comfort our ſelves; for every

grief will but make us ſtill more apt to grieve.

And beſides what a folly is it thus to die with continual grief for him, who if he did grieve to die, his grief continued but a little while: He died but once; why ſhould we die alwaies? It is certain we muſt die, but of all deaths let us not die with grief; and much leſs for grief about that which we ſee we cannot avoid our ſelves. But let us be furtheſt of all from making our life a perpetual death; and grieving for that, which by grief we may ſo ſoon run our ſelves into.

Weep no more for thy friend, than thou wouldſt have had him weep for thee.

IX. Ask thy ſelf again, *Whether two friends do not think that one of them muſt die firſt?* Do we not ſee that in the common courſe of things, one man goes before another to his grave? Who then (if it had been permitted to thy choice) wouldſt thou have appointed to be the leader unto the other? Wouldſt thou have given thy ſelf the preheminence, and reſolved to have ſhewn him the way? Then death it ſeems is a good thing; for if it were evil, we can ſcarce believe thy ſelf-love is ſo little as to wiſh it might be thy portion

portion before another. And if it be good, then thou maieſt ſoon ſatisfie the pretence of loving them better than thy ſelf, by being glad that they enjoy it before thy ſelf. Or wouldſt thou have had both gone together and been encloſed in the ſame Coffin, and interred in the ſame grave? Then it ſeems it is no ſuch great matter to die as thou makeſt it, ſeeing thou art ſo willing to die alſo. And if it be no great matter for thee to live, then no more was it unto him. If the ſorrow of living without him, be greater than the ſorrow of dying with him, why then was not he deſirous that thou ſhouldſt die? And why did he pray for thy life and health when he died? And if he would not have thee to die alſo when he died, why doſt thou then live in a kind of death, and enjoyeſt not thy ſelf, nor the pleaſures of life? Either reſolve to die alſo, or elſe to live as a man ſhould do.

X. Ask thy ſelf, *How can I take my own death?* Certain it is that thou muſt die alſo; but if thou canſt not part with a friend, how canſt thou part with thy ſelf? How wilt thou endure

If his death be ſo ſad, thou wilt not be able to bear thy own.

dure that ſoul and body ſhould be ſeparated, if thou canſt not ſhake hands with another body diſtinct from thine? Are not they the moſt ancient friends? Is not their union moſt ſtrict and cloſe? Can two men cleave ſo together as thy ſoul embraces its companion? What then wilt thou do when their bonds ſhall be untied, if thou canſt not bear the rupture of leſſer cords of love? What wilt thou think when thy ſoul ſits on thy lips, and give thy body a farewell kiſs, if thou canſt not cloſe the eyes of thy friend without ſo many tears? Will thy ſoul mourn after thy body is dead, as thou doſt now lament the death of thy friend? Will it groan and ſigh, to think of the hole where its fleſh lies? Will it ſigh to think that its old companion is then become the companion of worms? If not; then let it not groan ſo heavily for a leſs matter that is now befaln it. If it will; then why art thou troubled for thy friend, and not for thy own ſelf, to think how ſad thou muſt one day be? The fear of thy own death, muſt more than equall thy ſorrow for the death of another man. And how canſt thou have time to think of any thing elſe, if thou doſt fear it?

Or

Or if thou doſt not fear it; how canſt thou fall under thy ſorrow, who haſt overcome ſo great a fear?

Doſt thou intend to go crying out of the World? If not, then be not now diſmayed at that which thou muſt bear ſo valiantly thy ſelf. Then do not mourn ſo much for the loſs of anothers life, which will but put ſelf-love into a moſt piteous caſe, when thou comeſt to yield up thy own. Death is no ſtrange thing (as I have ſaid) for we muſt all die. But then why ſhould we mourn ſo much, if it be ſuch an uſuall thing? If we mourn exceſſively, it is a ſign we think not of the commonneſs of it, and then how ſhall we take our own death, ſeeing it is ſuch a ſtranger to our thoughts? Let us but comfort our ſelves upon ſolid grounds againſt our own departure, and I will warrant you that ſhall cure all our other lamentations. Let us but dare to die our ſelves, and we ſhall not dare to cry ſo much for any mans death.

Iſidore of *Peluſium* thinks that our Saviour did not mourn for his friend *Lazarus* becauſe he was dead (for he knew that he was going to raiſe him *Lib.* 2. *Epiſt.* 173.

from the dead) but becauſe he was to live again: And to come from the haven where he was arrived, back again into the waves and ſtorms; from the crown which he enjoyed, to a new encounter with his enemies.

If thou doſt not believe his interpretation, yet doſt thou believe the thing? Doſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that the miſery of this world is ſo great, that we ſhould rather weep that we are in it, than that others are gone out of it? Then I ask thee again, whether when thou art dead and well, thou wouldſt willingly live again? If not, then thou knoweſt what to ſay to thy ſelf concerning thy friends death. If thou wouldſt, then it ſeems thou canſt be contented with this grief; and I will not go about to comfort thee, ſeeing thou loveſt life with all the miſeries thou createſt to thy ſelf.

But the very truth is, we are ſo ſenſible of our bodies, and have ſo little feeling of our ſouls or divine things, that it is ready to make us think we are not, when our bodies are dead. This makes death ſuch a terrible thing. This makes both our own and others death ſo heavy, becauſe it ſeems as if there were

were an extinction of us. That which we feel not, nor have any ſenſe of within us, is as if it was not. And therefore if we feel not heavenly things, and perceive not that we have a ſoul; we ſhall receive death as if it was the loſs of our ſelves, and then who can but be ſad? Let us live therefore in a ſenſe of ſuch things as may make us die willingly, and think that we our ſelves are not loſt; and then we ſhall not think that we have loſt our good friends, nor lay their death ſo much to heart.

XI. Ask thy ſelf likewiſe, *How wilt thou be able to comfort others, if thou canſt not comfort thy ſelf?* It ſhould ſeem by thy tears that thou art very ambitious of the name of a friend; but if thou be not able to comfort thy friend, what is he the better for thee? And how didſt thou deſerve to have the friend which thou haſt loſt? If thou art able, or haſt ever given any comfort unto others, adminiſter then the ſame cordials to thy ſelf. Why ſhould not that ſatisfie thee, which thou expectedſt with ſo much reaſon ſhould ſatisfie them? What thou wouldſt ſay

Nor wilt thou be able to help others to bear their ſorrows.

to another if his friend was dead, that ſay to thy ſelf. And if thou wouldſt wonder that he ſhould reject all comfort, then do not make thy ſelf a wonder. Didſt thou never tell any man that it is a ſhame to be impatient, when we can cure our ſelves? That they ſuffer nothing but what God and nature have appointed; that we muſt all expect ſuch loſſes; that no body knows whoſe turn is next? Take then thy own counſell, and be not ſuch a Phyſitian as cannot cure himſelf at all. Is thy diſtemper different from theirs? Are there not the ſame griefs and maladies in their minds? Then the ſame medicine will cure thee that thou gaveſt them. Or if it would not cure them, then thou waſt much too blame that didſt not ſeek a better both for them and thee. Or is thine ſome ſtrange loſs, the like to which never any ſuffered? Then this may comfort thee, that thou ſhalt never ſuffer the like again. For it would be more ſtrange, if a thing that never came before ſhould twice fall upon one man. If it be ſo ſtrange to thee, then thy courage will be as ſtrange to others. If thou art drawn into an example of ſufferings, then thou maiſt render thy

ſelf

ſelf an example to all of patience and contentedneſs. And ſo *Seneca* ſaith of the Brother of *Druſus*, that though *Druſus* dyed in the midſt of his embraces, and with his kiſſes warm upon his mouth; though he dyed in the very height of his fortune, with the moſt war-like Nations dead at his feet; yet he not only put a meaſure to his own grief, but taught all the Army how to be moderate alſo. And indeed he could not have ſtopt the tears of others, unleſs he had been of ſo brave a ſpirit as firſt to ſtop his own. If thou art a friend therefore unto any, let them all learn of thee how to be well ſatisfied. Comfort thy ſelf as thou haſt comforted others, or elſe as thou doſt intend to comfort them. And let it be ſeen by thy worthy behaviour toward thy ſelf, that thou art worthy to be a friend to another perſon.

XII. Ask thy ſelf again, *Whether friends only be mortal?* Do none die but they that love us? Muſt not all our enemies and they that hate us die alſo? Death then that makes thee ſad, may give thee comfort. As it puts an end to ſome comforts, ſo it is the common end

Death doth ſometime befriend us.

end of all miseries. Though we may not wish for the death of any, yet it is no harm to think that they must die who hate us, and their rage shall not last for ever. If nothing can cease their malignity, yet death can. It hath done us then no such wrong, but what it can repay us with the same hand that did it. Though we have now no friend, yet shortly we may have no enemy neither. This was one support to the Christians under their persecutions, that though their enemies (like *Saul*) did breath out nothing but threatnings and slaughters against them, yet their breath was but in their nostrils, and might soon evaporate and vanish away. *Julian*, called the Apostate, had done more hurt to the Christians than the ten Persecutions, if death had not suddenly wounded him with one of his arrows.

The *Marian* flames had devoured in all likelyhood a great many more bodies, if death had not shortned her reign, and so extinguished the fires. We have no reason then to look upon it as unkind, which may do us so many courtesies: not to accuse that of cruelty to us, which destroys

deſtroys the cruelty of others towards us.

XIII. And now may you not well make one queſtion more to your ſelves, and ſay, *Is there not more reaſon to be comforted, than there is to be ſad?* If there be (as certainly there is) what ſhould hinder your comfort, if you live by reaſon? If you do not live by it, then nothing that a man can ſay will comfort you. Nothing will chear us unleſs we think of it, and make it our own by meditation: neither will any thing ſadden us unleſs we think of it alſo. Seeing then they are our own thoughts that make us either ſad or merry, and we have more comfortable thoughts than heavy, we cannot but be of good chear, if we will not be enemies to our ſelves. All that we can ſay for our ſadneſs is, that we have loſt a friend, a very dear and perhaps only friend. But you have heard that there are more in the world, and that you have not loſt this; and that you have more comforts remaining than are taken away; and that if you had none but God, you had enough; and if you will read again what hath been ſaid, twenty other

Contentment hath more to ſay for it ſelf, than grief hath.

other reaſons will offer themſelves to chear, for one that ariſes to make you ſad. If there was no reaſon at all to be ſad, then none need ſpend any time in giving comfort: But if they be very few in compare with others, and we are made to follow the moſt and ſtrongeſt reaſons, then he is not to be pityed, who notwithſtanding the ſmall reaſon of his ſorrow, will not be of good comfort.

The greateſt cauſe that I know of this ſort of trouble, is, when many that we love die ſoon after one another. So it hapned to that Prince (which the L. *Mountaigne* ſpeaks of) who received the news of his Elder Brothers death, whom he highly eſteemed, with a great deal of conſtancy; and ſhortly after the tidings of his younger Brothers deceaſe, in whom he placed much hope, did not alter the ſmoothneſs of his countenance. But when one of his ſervants dyed not long after that, he ſuffered himſelf to be ſo far tranſported, that he quitted his former reſolution, and gave up himſelf to all grief and ſorrow. The reaſon of this was not from the love that he bare to his perſon more than the reſt, but (as he well ſaith) becauſe being

L. 1. Eſſay cap. 2.

top

top full of ſorrow before, the next flood muſt needs break the banks, or overflow all the bounds of patience.

And ſo *Hier. Cardan* tells us, that after he had patiently born many reproaches, and the cruel infamous death of a ſon of great hopes; and the dangerous ſickneſs of another ſon, and the death of his Parents, and Wife, with many other evils; yea and after he wrote a Book of Conſolation againſt all theſe evils; yet he was overcome with grief at the death of an *Engliſh* youth, whom he brought from *Dover* with him, as he paſſed from *Scotland*, in the time of *Edward* the ſixth. And he gives the ſame reaſon for it that the other doth; *Fatigatum multis adverſis, oppreſſit me hæc extrema infælicitas*; being wearied before with many griefs, this laſt unhappineſs made me fall to the ground. It was not its ſtrength, but his own fore-going weakneſs that made him fall. It was not heavy, but it came upon the back of many other loads, and ſo oppreſſed him. *In Dialog. cui tit. Guilielmus.*

But ſomething had been ſaid to this alſo; For holy *Job* was in the ſame condition and far worſe; one meſſenger did

did tread upon the heels of an other to bring him tidings of his miſery; and yet he was patient, though he himſelf likewiſe was in his own body moſt ſadly afflicted. We have the ſame grounds of comfort that he had, and abundance more than was known in thoſe younger times. And when one cauſe of trouble falls upon the neck of another, we can add one reaſon likewiſe unto another, and ſo be comforted. For our troubles can never be ſo many, as the cauſes of our conſolation are. Yea, one ſingle reaſon of thoſe that I have propounded will anſwer all. Do we not know very well that all friends are mortal? Then it can be no new thing (if we well conſider it) for two or three to die after we have loſt one: But the loſs of one doth rather mind us of the mortality of all. And doth not God govern the world in the death of the laſt as well as of the firſt? Then there is no leſs wiſdom and goodneſs in it when many die, than when one. He that can ſolidly comfort himſelf in the death of one, will not be immoderately troubled for the loſs of more. If we let our grief indeed work under-ground, while nothing of it appears: if our hearts be loaded

loaded with it, though our eyes look not heavily before others, then it is no wonder if it do at laſt break forth. When the heart is over-charged, and can find no other way to eaſe it ſelf. But if we take a courſe to comfort our hearts at the very firſt, and make them truly contented; or if we let not the grief ſettle it ſelf, but labour to diſlodge it, then we ſhall be the better diſpoſed to bear ſuch another croſs with the like patience. For then a new trouble doth not come upon the other, but only follows after it: It doth not add to the former, but only comes in its ſtead; it doth not augment, but only renew our grief.

XIV. And now is it not time to conclude theſe queſtions, and to ſay to your ſelves, *Why ſhould not reaſon do that which little or no reaſon can do?* The more we are men, ſhall we be the leſs in peace, and cry like children? Nay, children weep while they ſee their Parents put into the Grave, and within a day or two they forget their ſorrows; why cannot we do ſo alſo? Though they know not their loſs, yet they know not the reaſons neither why they ſhould not be

We ſhould not be the more troubled, becauſe we underſtand our trouble.

be diſcontented for their loſs. Though they have little underſtanding of their ſufferings, yet they have as little knowledge of our comforts and ſupports. And as for brute creatures, you ſee that they make a doleful noiſe for the loſs of their young a very ſhort while, and then they remember it no more. Some of the people of *Cous* (if I forget not) uſed at the age of ſeventy years either to kill their Parents, or pine them to death, and to rejoyce much at it. They thought that they had lived long enough, and that it was both a miſery to themſelves, and a great burden to their children to have them continue any longer. The *Caſpians* alſo and ſome of the people of old *Spain* had the like cuſtom, which we well call inhumane and barbarous. But why cannot underſtanding teach us that, which want of underſtanding taught them? Why ſhould Barbariſm make them rejoyce at what they did themſelves, and Chriſtianity make us ſad at what is done by God and the order of things? St. *Hierome* reports that in his time there was at *Rome*, a man who had had twenty Wives, marryed to a woman who had had two and twenty Husbands. There

was

was great expectations which of them ſhould die firſt; and when the man buried her, his neighbours crowned him with Lawrel, and cauſed him to bear a bough of Palm in his hand, in token of a Victory, at his wives funerals. It ſeems that men can ſport at death if they liſt, and laugh at that which makes ſo many cry. Why then cannot reaſon make us moderately ſad to bear that, which humour and fancy can make men not to lament at all? Why cannot our Religion do more with us, than the people or our friends, who it is like can laugh us ſometimes out of our ſorrows?

If I have not ſaid too much in this argument, I have ſome confidence, that I have not ſaid too little. And indeed I have ſaid more than I firſt intended, and ſo much that if any have the patience to read it through, me thinks the very length of the diſcourſe ſhould make them forget their ſorrows; and by thinking ſo long upon another thing, they ſhould not remember what they thought upon before. One ſoul is ſcarce big enough to hold all theſe conſiderations, and the thoughts of grief alſo. Here are ſo many that they are able to thruſt

ſorrow out of doors by their multitude, if not by their ſtrength and force.

And yet notwithſtanding I muſt detain you a little longer before I give your thoughts leave to turn themſelves to other things. For I am of the mind that all theſe conſiderations will only aſſwage the grief, and pricking of the wound; but will not quite heal it, and take away its putrefaction. I ſhall therefore commend two or three things, for the preſſing out all the filthy matter, for the cloſing of the ſore, and to make the ſoul perfectly whole and ſound.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

Some other things are propoſed for the perfect cure of the ſoul; The firſt of which is deadneſs to the world, and the caſting out falſe opinions. The ſecond is the changing of our ſorrow into another kind. The third is the Life of our Lord Jeſus.

BE *dead to all things*, and thou wilt not be offended that they die. Mortifie thy ſpirit to the world and all things that are in it, and when thou haſt left them, it will ſeem no wonder that they leave thee. Think with thy ſelf often that thy friends are dead, that thou ſeeſt them carryed to the grave, that thou beholdeſt worms crawling out of their eyes and mouth, and try how thou art able to bear that thought. Think that he or ſhe that lies in thy bed by thy ſide, is as cold as a ſtone; think that thou embraceſt the carkaſs of thy dear friend, and ask thy ſoul how it can brook it, Think thus often, and though thy ſoul may ſtart at the firſt, yet at laſt it will be patient. That little ſadneſs will baniſh and chaſe away all the greater,

I. It is not their death, but the life of ſomething elſe that troubles us.

er, that else would seize on thee hereafter. There will be little to do when death comes, if thou constantly dost this. Thy soul will be so loose from them, that thou wilt not give a shrike: none will hear the strings crack when you are separated. Death will not be a breaking of your society, but a fair and easie untying of it. Nothing will happen to you but what you have looked for long before; and you shall be able to say, This is not the first time that I have seen my dear friend dead. Yea, think with thy self that thou seest thy own body laid in the grave, and that thou feelest thy self as cold as a clod of Earth. Think that thou art turned into rottenness and dirt; and that thou art forgotten by thy neighbours. If thy soul can endure these thoughts, then why should it be troubled at the death of another? This is a kind of death to be so separated from thy body in thy thoughts. It is all one not to be in the body, and not to feel that thou art in it. Raise thy mind then up toward heavenly things; fix thy thoughts on God and the life to come; think that thou seest thy self in heaven among the Saints of God; and while thy soul

is

is there, it is not in thy body here below. This kind of death differs from that which will be hereafter, in this only; that then thou wilt be more perfectly out of thy body. But if there be no trouble in this separation which thou now makest even whilest thou art in it, There will be far less trouble (one would think) quite to part with it, and to get from it.

And the way to be dead to these earthly things, is, to change our opinion of them, and to see them to be what indeed they are, empty and unsatisfying, changeable and unconstant. Of this I have spoken before in the former discourse, but seeing it is a thing so great and fundamental to our contentment, let me again present you with it. We are the cause of our own grief, by magnifying the things of the world to such a value, that the loss of them shall be worth so many tears. We think that they are happy who are rich and honourable, though they be never so wicked and unskilful how to live. We presently cry up a man for wise, and what not? Who (to use *Arrianus* his phrase) is preferred by *Cæsar*, though it be but to be Groom of his close-stool.

We must not let false opinions live.

ὅταν Καίσαρ αὐτὸν ἐπὶ τοῦ λασάνου ποιούσῃ, &c. L. 1 cap. 19.

And on the contrary, we despise vertue if it be in a thread-bare coat, and count him a fool who is unfortunate. No wonder then, that we cry and whine like children, when we lose any of these worldly things; seeing we think our selves more happy than men in the enjoyment of them. We think that we are undone when we part with that which we have such an high opinion of; and there is no way to make us think that all is safe, but by altering of that foolish opinion. We expect what cannot be, and will not be content with what may easily be. We cannot make the things of this world to be still and quiet, but may make our selves so, and the way to that quietness is well to consider their inconstancy, and that our happiness is in something better.

It was a good rule which *Pythagoras* gave to all his Schollars, and is the same that I would have you learn, Τὴν λεωφόρον μὴ βαδίζειν, *Do not walk in the high way*, *i. e.* Do not follow the common opinions; be not led by vulgar and popular apprehensions. Rectifie the ordinary conceits which you have carelesly entertained of things, and judge of them

as

as they are in themſelves, and not as they are reputed of. If we would do thus, then that which is the cauſe of our ſorrow, would be the cauſe of our tranquillity; becauſe nothing hath left us, but that which we knew would not ſtay with us. We mourn now becauſe things are ſo inconſtant; but then we ſhould not mourn, becauſe we knew them to be inconſtant. If we could make it good that any of theſe things are ours, then I might avouch it, that they would never have left us: But if they were not ours, why are we offended, that God doth what he will with his own? And beſides, ſhall we who are ſo inconſtant, oblige all things beſides our ſelves to conſtancy? Shall we whoſe deſires are ſo reſtleſs and uncertain, expect that all things but only we ſhould be ſtable and quiet? No, let us look into our ſelves, and we ſhall find ſo much difficulty to ſettle them, that we ſhall not wonder that other things are unſettled. And again, if things be ſo mutable, why ſhould we not think (as I have already ſaid) that they will one day change to what we would have them? But ſuppoſe they ſhould, what are we the better? If our opinion be not turned too, we ſhall be

as much afraid to loſe them again, ſeeing they are ſo unconſtant; as now we are deſirous to have them by the benefit of their inconſtancy. We muſt therefore alter our eſteem of things now, elſe we ſhall only change our trouble, but not be rid of it, when things are changed. *Adeo nihil eſt miſerum niſi cùm putes, &c.* So certain it is, that nothing is miſerable, but when we think it is ſo; and that nothing will make us happy unleſs we think that we are happy. And we had better think ſo now, than ſtay to be taught this leſſon by the dear experience of a great many troubles. Let thine eſtate be never ſo proſperous, yet if thine heart be unmortified, thou wilt never be the nearer, but rather the further off from ſettlement. For they that have the greateſt abundance, are the ſooneſt diſturbed by every trifle, becauſe they are not uſed to have any thing go contrary to their humour.

But if thou wilt take any comfort from the unconſtancy of things, let it be this; That if thou thinkeſt thy ſelf therefore unfortunate, becauſe thoſe things are gone that were joyful, then thou mayſt think thy ſelf happy enough, ſeeing the things that are unpleaſant are going

going away alſo. And think I beſeech you once more, and be of this opinion, That there is nothing better in this world to thee than thy ſelf. As long therefore as thou haſt thy ſelf, why ſhouldſt thou be troubled, eſpecially if thou thy ſelf thinkeſt never the worſe of thy ſelf, becauſe thou art poor and deſtitute of friends? For theſe take away nothing of thy ſelf, nor can any thing in the world deprive thee of thy ſelf. And as *Boethius* well ſaith, This is the condition of humane nature, that it then only excels all things here, when it knows it ſelf, but when it doth not, it is below the very Beaſts: For it is natural for them to be ignorant; but for a man it is the baſeſt vice, eſpecially when he is ignorant of himſelf.

There was a Fable among the Heathens which wiſe men underſtood to contain in it great Philoſophy. In the midſt of this ſad diſcourſe, it will pleaſe you perhaps, if I relate it; and it will pleaſe you a great deal more for to learn and live by it. After *Jupiter* had made the world, he thought that men would not be reſtrained from ſin without rewards and puniſhments; and ſo he made two great barrels, the one full of

good

good things, the other full of bad, to be ſent down among men as there was occaſion. *Pandora* being very deſirous to know what was in theſe barrels, did one day broach them, and all the good things flew out towards heaven, and all the bad towards hell. Hope only and Fear remained in the bottom of theſe Casks; the former in that of Evil things, and the latter in that of Good. When this was done, *Jupiter* threw down theſe empty Tubs to the earth, and all mortals ran at the rareneſs of the ſight to ſee what they could find in them. Some looked into the one, and ſome into the other, and though both of them were empty, yet they thought verily that the one was full of good, and the other full of evil. And ever ſince it came to paſs that here below we have nothing but a fancy or conceit of Good mixed with fear and jealouſie; and a meer conceit of Evil, with ſome hope in the compound of it. The Moral of it is this, That the things of this world are but empty Goods, and inconſiderable Evils. They are our own opinions that trouble us with the ſhadow of evil, and that flatter us on the other ſide with a fair ſhew of Good.

All

All ſubſtantiall Good is in heaven, and all dreadfull miſery is in hell. If we go to heaven, we are well enough whatſoever we loſe; if we fall into ſin and ſo into hell, we cannot be well, though we ſhould enjoy all the world; and while we ſtay here below, there is no good thing we enjoy but is accompanied with fear: and no evil we ſuffer but is attended with Hope. And there is no hope like that which is laid up in Heaven, of enjoying a bliſs ſincere and pure, without any allay at all. Let us turn our minds then toward theſe heavenly things which they did but dream of in the dark ages of the world. Let us heartily believe the Goſpel which hath brought to light eternal life: And then we ſhall think our ſelves happy enough if we loſe not thoſe things: and perhaps the death of our friends and ſuch like croſſes befall us, that we may not loſe them.

The Almighty Goodneſs draws our thoughts and affections, by theſe means, from tranſitory comforts: and calls them up thither where we hope our Friends are arrived. See, ſaith he, here is your Home; here is your reſting place; here is the immortal Inheritance that

that never fades away. If you love your ſelves, mind the way hither: and ſuffer nothing to turn you out of it. Whatſoever croſs befalls you, take it up and carry it along with you: Let it only ſpur you to make the more haſt to Eternal joyes. Where when we are once ſeated aloft, amidſt thoſe glorious objects which then ſhall incompaſs us; with what contempt (as an ingenious Perſon * ſpeaks) ſhall we look down upon this Morſel of earth, which men have divided into ſo many Kingdoms; or upon this drop of water, whereof ſo many Seas are compoſed. How ſhall we ſmile to ſee men ſo buſie about the neceſſities of a Body, to which we no ſooner give one thing, but it asks another: and ſo diſquieted through a weakneſs of ſpirit which daily troubles them, as to unwiſh that to day, which the day before they wiſhed for. Enter, if it be poſſible, into theſe generous thoughts before hand. Begin to ſpeak of the World, as you will do when you have forſaken it. Acknowledge it to be a place, where you muſt daily loſe ſomething, till you have loſt all. And by theſe and the like Meditations, let your ſoul aſſuredly conceive, that having had its

* *M. Malh.* to the Princeſs of *Conty.*

its Original from Heaven, it is one of the number of thoſe, which muſt one day return thither.

In the mean time, when the daies of Mourning come, and ſorrow will not be denyed its place: let me recommend this advice to every man. As ſoon as it is poſſible, *Turn thy ſorrow for thy friend into ſorrow for thy ſins.* Remember that thy tears may be due to ſome other thing, and the cure of that will cure all thy other griefs. If thou art not a Chriſtian, then it is thy duty to mourn neither for one thing nor other, but only to bewail thy ſelf. Let the dead bury the dead (as our Saviour ſaid) do thou preſently follow after thy Lord with tears. Take no care of funerals, think of no earthly thing, but only how thou mayeſt be a Chriſtian. And if thou art ſo, then thou oughteſt to rejoyce that thy ſins are pardoned, and that thou haſt not the greateſt cauſe of grief; and this joy ſure will ſwallow up all thy ſorrows. There is ſcarce any thing ſo conſiderable in our bodies that is ſeen, as our tears; for they are the moſt notable expreſſions of what is in our hearts. The hands (as *Ant. Guevara* obſerves) do work, the feet

II. Our tears ſhould be kept for that which is the cauſe of death, and all our tears.

feet do walk, the tongue ſpeaks, but it is the heart only that weeps. The eyes are but the ſpunges of the heart, through which its affections are drained and dried up. An afflicted heart hath neither hands to labour, nor feet to walk, nor can it find a tongue to ſpeak, but tears are all that it hath to tell you what it wants. And therefore we ought to reſerve theſe for ſome greater thing than our dead friends, which our heart ought much to be affected withall. As our Saviour ſaid to the women of *Jeruſalem* when he was going to the moſt cruel ſufferings, ſo might our friends ſay to us when they are a dying, Weep not for us, but weep for your ſelves, if you be dead while you are alive. Mourn more than you do, if you have not yet mourned for your ſins and amended them: But if you have, then rejoyce in the favour of God, and bleſs him for his Son Jeſus, who is better to thee than ten Sons, or all thy friends which thou lamenteſt. Are our ſins dead as well as our friends? have we buried them in the grave of our Lord? are we riſen again to an heavenly life? Let us go then to God, and pray to him, and praiſe him, and this will give us eaſe. But if we be troubled

for

for ſin; then ſure we ſhall not add another ſin by immoderate ſorrow, and forgetfulneſs of Gods goodneſs. If it be ſin we hate; then bitter complaints and diſcontents muſt all be hated. Would you indiſpoſe your ſelf to pray, to praiſe God and meditate in his ſacred Word; Would you render your ſelf unfit to receive the Sacrament of his moſt bleſſed body and blood? If not; then mourn but ſo much as will not hinder any of theſe, and you have leave to mourn as much as you pleaſe. Stop but here; and there is no man will lay any reſtraints upon you. But then how ſhort your mourning muſt be, you will ſoon gueſs, and the Sun muſt not go down upon your grief, no more than it muſt upon your wrath. But if you take no great care whether you diſturb your ſouls or no; then you have moſt reaſon to mourn for that careleſneſs and neglect. Go then and bewail your unkindneſs to God, your unthankfulneſs for his mercies, and unbelief of his Goſpel; for you can never take your hearts in a better time, than when they are ſo ſad, and inclined to be ſorrowfull. Tell them that now they are very well diſpoſed for a neceſſary buſineſs; and bid them

them look if there be not something else to bewail that is more considerable. Ask thy self, hast thou not deserved this and ten times more? Wilt thou add another sin, when thou shouldst cease all sins? Hast thou not been careless of seeking God? Hast thou not foolishly wasted thy precious time? And art thou not troubled at all for that? Yea art thou now impatient, as if God dealt hardly with thee? And wilt thou spend more time badly, when thou art taught by the death of thy dear friend how short it is? It is most incongruous thus to bewail the death of a child or acquaintance, when thou art like to die thy self both body and soul. And when thou hast mourned for thy sins, thou wilt be taught thereby how little thou oughtest to mourn for thy losses. For even our tears for sin must not be immoderate, and therefore much less must we dare to let them flow in abundance for our losses. So you know the great Apostle commands the *Corinthians* to comfort him that had been guilty of a great sin, and receive him again into the Church now that he repented, *lest perhaps such an one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow*, 2 *Cor.* 2. 7. I wish

wiſh all thoſe who are ready to deſtroy themſelves with grief, would ſeriouſly conſider this, that we may not over-load our hearts with grief, for our ſins themſelves, which are the cauſes of all other ſorrows.

We cannot pleaſe the Devil better than by diſcontent. He would fain oppreſs every good man with ſome paſſion or other; let us take heed how we joyn with him againſt our ſelves. If we have left his ſervice, that is enough to provoke him. If we have bid defiance to his pleaſures, this doth incenſe him, and we muſt expect that he will endeavour to overcome us with griefs.

The Devil is mad againſt all good men; and therefore let all thoſe who have irritated him againſt them, beware how they now prove cowards, and execute his vengeance for him with their own hands. Let us take heed (as *Photius* excellently expreſſeth it) leſt we be good at ſtirring up and provoking the envy and rage of our adverſary; but naught at reſiſting and overcoming him by patience and perſeverance to the end. Κινῆται μὲν ἀγαθοὶ, Νικῆται δ' ὀκνηροί.

But if we muſt needs weep for the loſs of ſomething here, let it be for the afflictions of the people of God. Let us mourn to ſee the Church ſit like a widdow in her black garments. Let it pitty us to ſee the blood of Gods ſervants ſhed like water upon the ground. If our own ſins do not trouble us, let us weep to ſee the wickedneſs of the world, and let our eyes run down with tears, to think that men do not keep Gods Law. Some ſuch channel we ſhould cut for our tears, and not let them ſpend themſelves on this faſhion about our own perſonal troubles. This is a method both to ſtop our tears, and likewiſe to make them uſeful to us while they run. It is a way to eaſe us of our preſent grief, and of all others alſo. We ſhall exchange that ſorrow that would have troubled us, for a great deal of joy and comfort. Whereas our worldly grief would have left the heart ſad, this will leave it light and merry.

III. The life of our Lord Jeſus gives us the greateſt comfort againſt death.

Believe throughly that the Lord Jeſus lives, and ſo thou maiſt both expect a reſurrection from the dead, and likewiſe hope for comfort from him when thou art left ſad and deſolate. The body it ſelf doth not die any more than corn

corn doth; which dies, that it may live and ſpring up again with large gain and advantage. Are we loth to throw the corn into the ground, and do we not patiently expect till the harveſt comes? Why ſhould we then bury our friends with ſo many tears, ſeeing they are but laid in the Womb of their mother again, that by the power of God they may have a better birth? The Heathen could ſay much to comfort themſelves, but they knew not this comfort; for indeed they were rather *contented*, than *comforted*. Thoſe that did think themſelves moſt wiſe, and judged that they had the beſt ſupports, did only dream that the ſoul make take another body, and ſhift its place at ſeveral times: But we know that there will be a time, when even our ſcattered aſhes will fly into one anothers embraces again; and a new life will breath into our duſt, and make it ſtand upon its feet. And then in the mean time, if our condition be never ſo ſad, and we be left all alone; why do we not ſolace our ſelves in the great compaſſion of our High Prieſt, who hath a feeling of all our miſeries which we endure? Can we expect that ever he ſhould love us more than when we are

like unto him in ſufferings? We ſhould be ſo far from being ſad at what befalls us, that we ſhould think, if our condition was a little worſe, we ſhould be more dear unto him than now we are, when nothing extraordinary is hapned to us. No man can be alone as long as he lives who hath ſaid, I will not leave you comfortleſs like fatherleſs children, I will come to you. Did not he bid his Diſciples to be well content, when he himſelf dyed? Did he not leave his peace with them, and bid them that their hearts ſhould not be troubled? And what is the death of one of our friends, to the departure of the beſt friend to the world that ever was, from his little flock of friends? Did not Chriſt know what he ſaid, when he was going to die? Did he adviſe them not to be troubled, when it was impoſſible that they ſhould be otherwiſe? And if they were not to be troubled then, I am ſure we have leſs reaſon to be troubled now; both becauſe we have a leſs loſs to bewail, and we have a ſtronger and more excellent comfort againſt our loſs. Our friends are as much below him, as his ſtate in the grave was beneath that to which he is now advanced in the Heavens. Their hearts

hearts were not to be troubled when He that is the Lover of the world was held in the chains of death, becauſe they knew that he would looſe them; Why then ſhould we be diſturbed for the death of one that loves us only, when we know that *Chriſt is riſen, and that he is in the Heavens; Angels, Authorities, and Powers being made ſubject to him.* If an Angel was neceſſary for our comfort, we ſhould not want his Miniſtry. He is ſo full of Love and compaſſion towards us, that if he did not think he had left Cordials enough to ſupport us, he would come himſelf to chear us, and raiſe our friend, as he did *Lazarus*, from the dead. But now we may well live in hope, *and he hath given us ſtrong conſolation and good hope through grace.* Let us have patience but a little, and we ſhall not be capable of mourning any more; All tears ſhall be wiped off from our eyes, ſighing and ſorrow ſhall fly away.

SECT. IX.

The Concluſion. Which contains an advice to thoſe that are in love with ſorrow. And an advice for the reaping profit by this Book. And a brief recapitulation of the chief matters in it.

Let no man therefore be in Love with tears.

REmember then I beſeech you, whoſoever you are that caſt your eyes on theſe lines, what I ſaid at the beginning. Take heed you do not indulge your ſelves in your tears. *Eſt enim & dolendi quædam ambitio*, for there is a certain ambition even in mourning, and men think that they ſhall be the better thought of for their grief. But aſſure your ſelves, that if we ſtudy to exceed one another in grief, it is but juſt with God that we ſhould never want miſery enough, ſeeing we are ſo ambitious of it. If we will mourn immoderately, when he would have us to be patient; we ſhall not keep our ſelves patient, when perhaps there is little or no cauſe to mourn. When the air is diſpoſed to rain, it is a long time before we can recover fair weather; and every little cloud

cloud will fall a Weeping, which at another time would have been dry and barren. And juſt ſo it is with thoſe that ſtrive to gather as many clouds as they can to overcaſt them, and make them ſad. It is ſo long before they can diſperſe them all, that every little thing renews their grief; as it a chearful day ſhould never ſhine upon them more.

It was a very handſome device that one of the Ancient Phyloſophers uſed to comfort *Arſinoe*, when he obſerved her to Weep immoderately for her Sons death. Let me intreat you ſaid he, to lend me your patience till I tell you this ſtory: On a time *Jupiter* conferred honour upon all the leſſer Gods or divine Powers, and there was none of them wanting but only Sorrow. When all the reſt were gone away rejoycing, ſhe came and begged ſome honour alſo with many tears and intreaties. *Jupiter* having conferred all honours that were worth any thing upon the other Heavenly Powers, He granted to her all that which men bellow upon their dead friends (*viz.* grief and tears) as beſt befitting her quality. Now all theſe little Deities (ſaid this wiſe man) do love thoſe moſt that love and honour them,

and ſo doth Sorrow alſo. They beſtow moſt of their gifts on their Votaries, and thoſe that pay them conſtant ſervices, and they care not for thoſe that obſerve none of their ceremonies. If you therefore beſtow no honour upon Sorrow, then ſhe will not love you, nor come to you: But if you ſtudiouſly ſeek how to pleaſe her, and honour her by tears and lamentations, and all ſuch ſad things that are the offices wherein ſhe delights; ſhe will be in Love with you, and you ſhall never want her company, nor be without occations of doing continual honour to her. She will be continually ſupplying thee with tears to pour upon her Altar, and filling thee with ſighs, which are the incenſe which ſhe loves thou ſhouldſt evaporate toward Heaven. By this Art the wiſe man ſtaid her tears; for ſhe knew that he meant, that if we give way to grief, we ſhall never want it: and much more if we ſeek for arguments to aggravate it, it will ſtick ſo faſt unto us, that it will never forſake us. Though love and reſpect to our friends, and the natural affection which diſtinguiſheth us from beaſts, do allow and require moderate ſorrow and ſadneſs of our ſpirit; yet an intem-

intemperate grief and afflicting of our ſouls is *unreaſonable*; for it doth *them* no good: and it is *unnatural*; for it doth both our body and mind abundance of harm, and let me add likewiſe, that it is *unchriſtian*, and argues that we have little hope in God either for our ſelves or others. God hath done us the honour to make us Prieſts unto himſelf; and you know it was the Law for the Prieſts, that none of them ſhould mourn for a dead friend, unleſs he was of their neareſt kindred; And therefore let us take heed how we make our ſelves unclean for the dead, by Weeping ſo, that we ſhould unfit our ſelves for any Chriſtian ſervice, which God hath appointed us for our conſtant imployment. Can you mourn and praiſe God too? Can you pour out your ſouls to God, while you pour out theſe tears of grief? Can you pray in faith for other things, and not be able to believe that you can live without a friend? Can you read ſeriouſly, when your eyes are ſore with the ſharpneſs of your ſorrow? Can you meditate of heavenly things, while your thoughts are filled with the images of ſuch doleful objects? If not; know that you defile your

your Prieſthood, and that you muſt inſtantly cleanſe your ſelves, that you may be fit continually to offer up ſpiritual ſacrifices unto God.

He muſt write theſe things in his heart, who would find the comfort of them.

And for a concluſion of this diſcourſe, remember what I ſaid in the former Treatiſe, That you muſt lay theſe foundations and grounds of comfort within your ſelves, or elſe you will alwaies be troubled. It is ſomething within us that muſt ſatisfie our minds, and not the enjoyment of any outward good; and therefore we muſt work theſe principles into our hearts, for even *They* if they be without us, will not profit. We either think it is the thing we want which will cure us, when as it is without us; or elſe that we have reaſons enough to comfort us, when as alas! we want them alſo, becauſe we let them lie without us, and have them not in our minds. We have more waies than one to abuſe and deceive our ſelves. At firſt we think that if we had what our hearts deſire at this preſent, we ſhould never be diſquieted: And when by reaſon and experience we find it otherwiſe, then we make a great many good principles upon which to reſt our ſouls, but they are at a great diſtance alſo from our hearts;

hearts; and when we ſhould uſe them, they are none of our own no more than any thing in this world.

Let theſe two things then ſettle themſelves in our minds, which will lead us into the right way of fortifying our ſouls both againſt this and all other trouble. Firſt, Never *think that the things which thou wanteſt will cure thee*; for they will rather make the wound wider, and inlarge thy wants. The more we have, the more we deſire ſtill to have; and the way to think we have enough, is not to deſire to have too much. It is very well obſerved by *Plutarch*, that it ſeems to us as if our clothes did give us heat, when as they are cold of themſelves, and in a great heat we ſhift our clothes to make us cool. Juſt ſo do men think, that the things without them will afford them content; and that if they had a ſumptuous houſe, and had riches at command, and were encompaſſed with ſervants, and had their friends to bear them company, they ſhould live moſt ſweetly and deliciouſly; when as experience teaches us, that we are ſtill deſirous of ſome change in one thing or other about us. It is the heat of our own bodies that keeps

Περὶ ἀφθονίας.

keeps us warm, which our clothes do only contain and keep in, that it may not fly abroad, and diſperſe in the air; and ſo is it the livelineſs and ſtrength of our own ſpirit that muſt make us live merrily, and which gives all the pleaſure and grace to theſe outward things which miniſter to our comfort. They can only help to maintain and increaſe our delights; but our delight muſt ariſe from a more certain cauſe within our ſelves. Add one heap of riches to another, build great houſes, invite to thy ſelf friends and lovers; unleſs thou doſt free thy ſelf from thy own deſires, unleſs thou doſt put an end to thy fears and cares, and ſuch like things, thou doſt but like him that adminiſters Wine to a man in a Feavour, or Honey to a Cholerick perſon, or meat to him that is troubled with the Collick; which do not ſtrengthen, but deſtroy them. The leſs we have, the better it is, unleſs we deſire but a little. And therefore it is of abſolute neceſſity, that we form to our ſelves ſuch ſtrong principles as will moderate our deſires, and make them reaſonable. But then let me tell you in the ſecond place, *That a good Book, and a Treatiſe of the Principles of Contentment*

may

may be without us as well as any thing else. We think that we have good reasons of being quiet which will comfort us upon all occasions. But where are they? In our Book? That is no more ours, than our money that bought it, unless the Book be in our heart. We must labour to write these truths on our souls, and turn them into the reason of our minds. *Things of faith we must make as if they were things of reason: and things of reason we must make as sensible as if they beat continually upon our eyes and ears.* Let us colour and die our souls with these notions, or else they will do us but little good. If this Book lie by us, and not in us, it will be little better than wast Paper. Ἄλλο γάρ ἐστιν ὡς οἷς ταμιεῖον, &c. saith *Epictetus.* For it is one thing to have Bread and Wine in a Cup-board; and another thing to have them in our body. When they are eaten and drunk, they turn into flesh and blood, and make us lusty and strong: but when they lie by us, we think indeed we have them, but they afford us no nourishment or refreshment at all. Even so it is in these things, If we inwardly digest them, and turn them (as it were) into the substance of our souls, they will make

Arrian. L. 2. cap. 9.

make us of a lively complexion; but elſe we may be pale with fear, and pine away with grief; and it is not their fault, but our own. And as he that doth not eat when he ſhould, may have no ſtomack when he is weak, but preſently vomit up his food again: So he that minds not theſe things till he be ſick of his troubles, and in great need of comfort, will find his ſoul (it is moſt likely) very impatient of the remedy, and it will be a trouble to him but to read that which will quiet him.

Thus I obſerve it was with a very great man, a perſon indowed with an extraordinary meaſure of wiſedom: who rejected himſelf in a time of ſorrow, all thoſe counſels that he had skilfully adminiſtred to others. *Julius Scaliger* I mean, who writing to a friend of his to comfor her in her Mourning *, beſeeches her to remember, how far it is from common Prudence, *Not to lay down that grief for our own ſake, which we have taken up for the ſake of another: and that it is not the part of a ſound judgement to accuſe the fates as if they had done us wrong, and to take a ſevere puniſhment for it upon our ſelves. Conſider alſo, where*

Epiſt. 67. ad Mar. *Vitelliam.*

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is that perſon we Weep for? If in Heaven, what need is there of our howlings? If in miſery, why do we add loſs to loſs, evil to evil, and becauſe he is miſerable againſt our will make our ſelves freely and willingly miſerable? But this above all things I would have you keep in mind, that you have nothing, which you have not received; and therefore you owe thanks, even now, for what you had, to him from whom you received it: and ought not to reproach him for caling home his own. For all the benefits beſtow'd on Mortals are like all things here, ſtand withering, and cannot laſt for ever: nay unſteady, inconſtant and never equal. If therefore we enjoy any of them, we muſt place it among our felicities, that we were owners of it: And when by the ſevere Laws of the Univerſe it is ſnatcht from us, we muſt refreſh our ſelves with the remembrance of it, as if it were preſent, and not vex and torment our ſelves, becauſe of its abſence. Many things like to theſe, and perhaps better, he ſaith he could ſuggeſt if he thought it needful. And yet this very Counſelour, I obſerve, when his turn came to weep,

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was ſtrangely overcome with ſorrow, for the death of a little ſon of his; but a child of great hopes. He cries out lamentably, and bewailes himſelf without meaſure, ſaying, *In illo vivebam, in illo interii**, *I lived in him, and in him I dyed.* I know he is happy, and therefore I do not bewail him in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him: by whoſe fall I am faln alſo. I ſay I bewail my ſelf, who die a new kind of way, and am killed by anothers death. And then reckoning up the arguments whereby his friends ſtudied to comfort him (the very ſame wherewith he thought he could comfort others) he deſpiſes them all, as not worth a ſtraw; telling them, that they expreſſed indeed a great deal of humanity to him, but not much wiſedome. For his loſs was ſo incomparable, that there was no hope he ſhould ever ceaſe to lament it. In this I believe he found himſelf happily miſtaken: For time which ends all things, will end our grief, though we ſtrive never ſo obſtinately to hinder it. His proceeding is ſlow (as one ſpeaks) but the effect is infallible. But we may learn by ſuch examples as this the neceſſity of concocting our own thoughts, and ſetling

* *Oratio in luctu Avdeſti fi ii.*

ſetling our ſelves upon our own rules and preſcriptions. Otherwiſe we ſhall be in danger (as he pathetically expreſſes his miſery) to celebrate the obſequies of our friends in a ſadder manner than the Heathen did. For they ſacrificed to their Ghoſts only with the blood of Beaſts; but we ſhall offer up to their memory, all our counſels, and be at the charge of loſing our very Reaſon.

A recapitulation of the chief things that have been ſaid.

Meditate therefore ſeriouſly of what hath been ſaid. Think that you are not loſers by your friends gains, and that there is no reaſon to be ſorrowful when they are filled with joy. We love our ſelves indeed better than we do them, and are troubled at our own loſs, not at theirs; but then if the loſs be our own, we can tell better how to repair it. This is our comfort; that it is in our own hands to eaſe our ſelves, if we be the cauſe of our own trouble. Conſider often that it is as natural to die as it is to be born, That God gives us every thing upon this condition, that we ſhould be content to give it up again when he pleaſes to call for it. That God is a loving Father, and doth every thing for the beſt. That he would have us

love *him* more, when he leaves us nothing elſe to love. That nothing can be diſmally ſad, which by his grace and our care may be turned into joy. That we ought to turn our ſorrow into care, leſt there be ſomething worſe to ſorrow for; even the ſin of our immoderate ſorrow. That we ought to live ſo, that we may comfort our ſelves with hope we ſhall ſee our friends again that die in the Lord. That ſeeing we muſt die too, and others muſt weep for us; by our life we muſt leave them ſomething to comfort them, in hope that we are better, than if we were with them. We muſt often conſider how much of our grief depends on meer fancy, and not on things. We were perhaps at a great diſtance from our friends while they lived, and did but ſeldom ſee them. The caſe is not much altered now that they are dead. If we have ſuſtained a loſs, we do but double it by loſing our own quiet and comfort alſo. And yet there is more cauſe of thankfullneſs than of repining; both that we had them ſo long, and alſo that God hath taken away only them. Our grief at laſt muſt ceaſe; and that which will end it then, may end it now. Or if it muſt

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end it ſelf by its own wearineſs, it is a ſhame that Religious reaſon cannot do more than meer length of time can do. It is but as we our ſelves would have it, who would have been loth to have died firſt. Or elſe it is as they would have it, who would have been loth to have outlived us, and been ſo ſad as we make it neceſſary to be. They are not quite gone away, but only gone before. And by ſorrow we may tread too faſt upon their heels. Let us henceforth place our chiefeſt comfort in God; for if one be taken away, then ſo may another. There will be every day new matter of trouble; and unleſs we be better provided againſt it, we ſhall be every day miſerable. This world is the place of ſorrow; and therefore ſeeing there are things enough to trouble us, let it not be our work to create trouble to our ſelves. Trouble is a thing that will come without our call; but true joy will not ſpring up without our ſelves. If any ſorrow ſhould oppreſs us, it muſt be for our ſins. And when we mourn for them, let us be ſorrowful we were no more thankful for ſuch enjoyments as we have now loſt. Let theſe tears alſo teach us to take off our affections from worldly things; all

the pleasure of whose possession is scarce big enough to compensate the trouble of parting with them. And above all, remember that *Jesus* dyed and entred into the Grave, as well as we; and that by his Resurrection he hath opened the gate to immortal life; and is in glory at Gods right hand; and expects your coming thither where he is, out of this calamitous place, and that, in the mean time, you should not disparage your hope in him, by impatience under the loss of any other thing. And then your wisedom to distinguish the value of this world from the next; and your Religious fear to offend our merciful Father, and lose his blessing, by repining at what he doth: will undoubtedly preserve you, from all inordinate and undutiful sorrow; be the cause of it never so great.

FINIS.